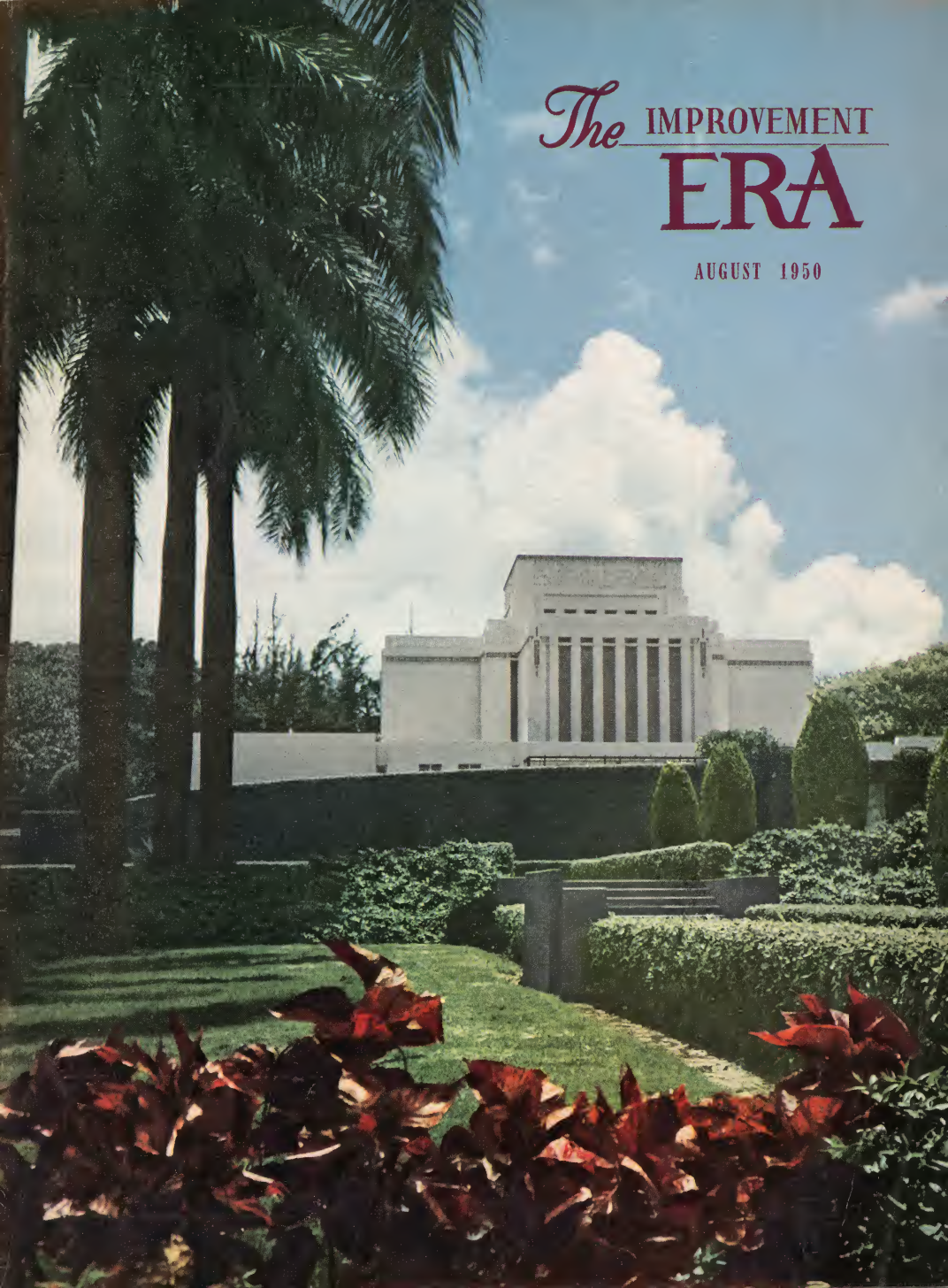


The IMPROVEMENT ERA

AUGUST 1950



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EXPLORING THE Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

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THREE French scientists, Rose, Savornin, and Casanova, have found that bees make a supersonic sound between twenty and twenty-two kilocycles. This sound, much too high to be heard, is apparently the only one they make in the supersonic region.

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PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM
Head of Political Science Department, University of Utah

IT is quite apparent that historians of the twentieth century will be able to record that the private business enterprise system, in that century, met its toughest, roughest competitors in big government, big labor, and with itself.

Inasmuch as the coming (and closing) weeks of the 1950 American Congressional elections will emphasize certain of these issues, a few thoughts about "private enterprise" may be indulged in an arena where there is never too much clarity of thought—and usually an overabundance of glittering and unglittering generalities.

What is "private enterprise"?

Private enterprise may be defined as all non-government enterprise. However, we should note that even government enterprise is at bottom "private" enterprise in the narrow sense that all government relies on individuals and individual performance. This is an important reason for supporting democratic governments. So, in the broadest, clearest sense there is only one kind of enterprise on this planet—*individual* enterprise—but, whether it is free or forced is the issue. Individual enterprise may function singly, severally, in small groups, cooperatively, or in collective groups. When individual initiative is organized, does it function with a maximum of *voluntary* impulse—or by means of incentives, artificial or real—or by means of the whip? When Americans talk about "free private enterprise," they usually mean a scheme where voluntary impulse and choice is maximized, privately organized and directed, whether in the economic or political sphere. Our politics as well as our economics is open to those with *individual* initiative.



Some Useful Distinctions.

In the American economic system it is useful to distinguish between the following:

1. Individual enterprise as the mainspring of all human activity; any individual at work.
2. Individual enterprise in the economic sense as an individual proprietorship, such as a farmer, doctor, lawyer, salesman, or owner of a store.
3. Corporate, large scale proprietorships such as General Motors—a "big business"; and corporate, smaller proprietorships, limited or open, such as small business.
4. "Corporate (i.e. group) enterprise" as found in "big" labor unions, characterized by nation-wide. industry-wide bargaining.
5. "Corporate (i.e. group) enterprise" in the economic sense as found in consumer cooperatives, producers' cooperatives, professional and other associations such as the Utah Education Association, the American Medical Association, the American Trucking Institute.

Individually-owned enterprises are vital, but they produce less of what we eat and wear than incorporated, group-owned enterprises; for example, automobiles, clothing, material for houses, bedding, soap are usually products of corporate enterprise. These things are produced by individual "enterprise" truly enough, but organized largely through associations or private corporations, managed by salaried executives hired by the controlling stockholders.

Corporate ownership is much simpler to socialize than individual ownership. This is the first lesson in understanding the American economy and its problem of survival in today's political world. Why? There are fewer units to take over and to control. It would be relatively easy (speaking in the administrative sense) for the government to socialize the American automobile industry. If it bought out General Motors, Chrysler, and Ford, it would take the bulk of the industry. A dozen top officials could be named to replace C. E. Wilson, K. T. Keller,

(*Continued on page 675*)

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THE COVER

The Hawaiian Temple has become one of the beauty spots in the islands noted for their beauty. This four-color cover, taken especially for THE IMPROVEMENT ERA by the Hawaii Visitors Bureau, serves to call attention to the fact that the centennial of the establishment of the mission to Hawaii occurs in 1950. Twelve and a half thousand people in the Hawaii Mission and Oahu Stake now can enjoy temple work for both the living and the dead in this magnificent temple, dedicated to the work of our Savior.

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CONTRAST

Travel in 1850—and in 1950—to Hawaii

As radio has eliminated time, so the airplane has eliminated distance. How remarkable it would have been if the ten elders who left in 1850 on their mission to the Sandwich Islands, as the Hawaiian Islands were then called, could have left San Francisco in the morning and landed in Hawaii that same night—some ten hours later! Among the number of elders called to this mission was George Q. Cannon. In his record of his service in that field he wrote that he traveled, with the other elders, "a three weeks' voyage to the country to which he was appointed on a mission."[1] Even in 1900 when President George Q. Cannon returned on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Hawaiian Mission, it took the boat seven days to make the trip.[2]

It is of interest to contrast the voyages of President Cannon one hundred, and then fifty years ago with the trip of his daughter, Rosannah Cannon Irvine, by plane in 1950. Inconveniences of the ships of those days would also be in marked contrast to the convenience of the "flying ship" of these days. The record states that the berths were "secured between decks, as there were not cabin berths enough to accommodate all the Elders. . . ."[3]

[1] *My First Mission*, Juvenile Instructor Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, Second Edition, 1882, p. 10.
[2] Journal of George Q. Cannon, dictated to his son Clawson Y. Cannon, unpublished, pp. 2-3
[3] Andrew Jenson, compiler, *Hawaiian Mission*, Unpublished, Church Historian's Office, Salt Lake City, Utah.

On the Mainliner Stratocruiser on which Mrs. Irvine booked passage, there is a luxurious Hawaiian lounge where she may rest or read or view the ocean or clouds over which she is flying. The food, too, was a matter of real contrast.

On the occasion of the centennial for the opening of the Hawaiian Mission, one cannot help contrasting and comparing the world of 1850 with that of 1950. In less than the three weeks required by President Cannon on his initial voyage to the mission field, Mrs. Irvine will have traveled over the main islands, visited and flown over them, reliving the scenes of early Church history there as well as seeing the scenic wonders of the Paradise of the Pacific.

Whatever Mrs. Irvine will find by way of contrast in the manner of her trip, she will find that the gospel of 1950 carries the same hope and comfort that it carried in 1850 and that the missionaries of today have the same zeal as those of former days.

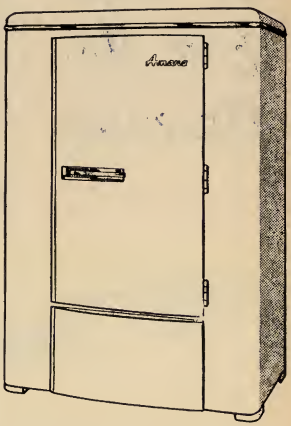
In these days of rapid change it is a great comfort to know that there is one unchanging value: the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, revealed in these latter days never to be taken from the world again. Instead, the gospel message will increase in power until Jesus returns to rule over the earth and restore it to its paradisiacal glory.—*M. C. J.*

Mrs. Rosannah Cannon Irvine boarding stratocruiser.



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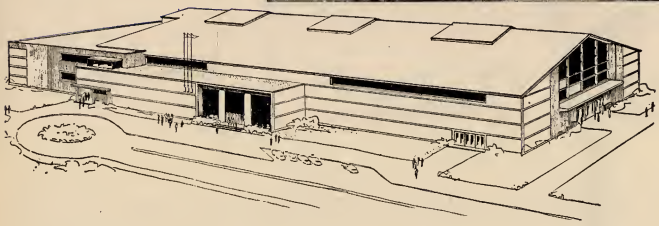
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1875—Brigham Young University—1950

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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day To Day Chronology Of Church Events

May 1950

24 General Superintendent Elbert R. Curtis announced the appointment of Jay W. DeGraff to the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association.

Mrs. Adele Cannon Howells, general president of the Primary Association announced the appointment of June Carlisle to that general board.

Ground was broken by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve for the new Brigham Young University field house.

28 Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve delivered the baccalaureate address before the graduating class of the Utah State Agricultural College, Logan.

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., dedicated the chapel of the Soda Springs First and Second wards, Idaho Stake.

President George Albert Smith dedicated a monument to the memory of Brigham Young, at Whitingham, Vermont, his birthplace.

Jesse M. Smith sustained as president of the Snowflake (Arizona) Stake, succeeding President David A. Butler. President Smith was formerly first counselor. Marshall H. Flake was released as second counselor. President Smith's new counselors are Hyrum A. Henrickson and LeRoy A. Palmer.

June 1950

1 President George Albert Smith dedicated the statue of Brigham Young at services in the capitol building Washington, D. C. Other speakers on the program included Alben W. Barkley, vice president of the United States, and J. Bracken Lee, governor of Utah.

2 President David O. McKay received an honorary degree of doctor of laws at graduation exercises at the Utah State Agricultural College, Logan.

4 Elder Albert E. Bowen of the Council of the Twelve delivered the baccalaureate address before the graduates of Brigham Young University.

Charles Dunn succeeded Z. Reed Millar as president of the Boise (Idaho) Stake. President Dunn's counselors are Albert N. Muhlestein and Howard Ballif. Released with President Millar were his counselors, John S. Peterson and Jesse J. McQueen.

President George Albert Smith dedicated the chapel of the Colfax Branch, Central Atlantic States Mission. This is the 245th chapel completed by the Church since the end of hostilities in World War II.

Canyon Crest Ward, Highland (Salt Lake City) Stake, created from portions of Parley's Ward, with Bishop Edward C. Koelliker.

Beverly Ward, Orem (Utah) Stake, created from portions of Sharon Ward, with Bishop J. Clayton Watts.

Tooele Seventh Ward, Tooele (Utah) Stake, created from portions of Third Ward, with Bishop Lloyd Callister.

Fair Oaks Branch, Sacramento Stake, organized from portions of Roseville and Carmichael Wards, with President George E. Leavitt.

7 General Superintendent Elbert R. Curtis announced the appointment of Harrald S. Alvord to the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association.

11 West Smith Ward formed from parts of Smith and Hillcrest wards, Grant (Salt Lake City) Stake, with Horace W. Tame, bishop.

Salmon Second Ward formed from parts of Salmon Ward, Lost River (Idaho) Stake, with Harold C. Havens, bishop.

13 Six weeks' courses for choristers and for organists begun under the direction of J. Spencer Cornwall and Frank W. Asper in Salt Lake City.

14 An all-day camp institute convened at the Wigwam, Mill Creek Canyon, as a pre-conference session of June M.I.A. conference.

General President Bertha S. Reeder announced the appointment of Shelah Woodland to the general board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association.

Centennial celebration of Scandinavian Mission began in Copenhagen, Denmark. It was to continue until June 19.

15 Second annual conference of Church writers held in Salt Lake City. This year it was sponsored by *The Instructor, The Children's Friend,* and The Improvement Era.

A recreational institute was held at Jordan Park, Salt Lake City, as a pre-conference session of June M.I.A. conference.

The M.I.A. drama festival was presented at Kingsbury Hall, University of Utah campus.

16 June M.I.A. conference opened with a reception which was followed by general sessions in the Tabernacle.

The M.I.A. dance festival, with more than four thousand participants, presented before an audience of twenty-five thousand at the University of Utah stadium.

17 Department sessions occupied most of the day at June M.I.A. conference.

Speech festival convened in the Assembly Hall as part of June conference.

Music festival presented in the Tabernacle, with fifteen hundred participants on the program.

Purchase of a ranch of about five hundred acres near Perris, California, to be used as a Church welfare project by the eleven stakes in southern California, announced.

18 General Superintendent Elbert R. Curtis presented the Church of the Air address entitled "Learn Wisdom In Thy Youth" over the Columbia Broadcasting System as part of the M.I.A. June conference.

A testimony meeting, a general session under the direction of the General Authorities, and a "Youth Conference" session completed the June M.I.A. conference.

Yosemite Ward, San Joaquin (California) Stake, organized from portions of Stockton Ward, with Bishop Cleon C. Forsyth.

19 Tourist guide service on Temple Square made available during the summer months between 6:30 a.m. and 10:00 p.m. An evening organ recital will be held nightly except Thursday and Sunday, at 7:30 p.m.

Statue of Brigham Young, dedicated in the United States Capitol rotunda June 1, moved to its permanent place in the southwest corner of Statuary Hall.

Twenty-seventh annual Leadership Week convened on the campus of Brigham Young University.

20 The Presiding Bishop's Office bulletin announced that Lynwood Ward, Long Beach (California) Stake, has been organized from the independent branch, with Donald L. Snedaker as bishop.

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ALOHA OE (Love to you)

By Anna Johnson

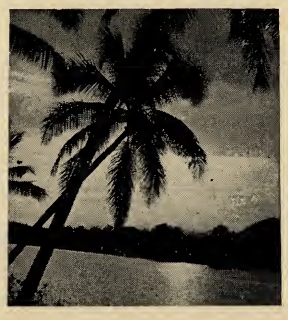
MISSIONARY TO HAWAII

THE Hawaiian Islands are two thousand miles from the western edge of America. They are the "crossroads of the Pacific." People going to Samoa, New Zealand, Australia, China, Japan, and the Philippines stop here on their way out.

These sun-filled islands are teeming with romance and adventure. Hawaiian girls are beautiful and lovely, and the boys are stalwart and fine. All are friendly. They love to entertain, and they say, *Hele mai e ai* (come in and eat); then you say, *Mahalo nui* (thanks very much). Here everybody shares; and believe it or not, there is always more to share.

The old-timers are *Kamaaina* and the newcomers are *Malihini*. When Hawaiians say, *Pehea Oe*, (how are you), you say, *Maikai no* (good—excellent). *Akamai* is clever or smart. Their best word is *Aloha*. It means "Hello," "We welcome you," "Good Morning," "Good night," and "Farewell." It is in the kiss of maiden love and in the faint tinkle of the guitar sounding over starry water. It is the exquisite music of a dream, the gleam of gladness in the eye, and it is the love that "sings and has wings" as lovers talk in the moonlight.

The mother croons it to her babe. The child whispers it into the ear of its mother and daddy. It is in the gathering glory of birth at dawn.



It is the tender lingering note in the sunset prayer of life. You will find it at the beginning and at the end of a letter. It is on the lips of everyone. The fragrance of beauty and joy of a happy heart is the *aloha* woven with every tiny stitch in the *lei* that encircles the one who is honored to wear it.

Aloha Oe (love to you); *Aloha Pumehana* (warm); *Aloha Mau* (continued); *Aloha nui loa* (very much); *Aloha Palena Ole* (boundless). When a Hawaiian addresses a congregation, he begins by saying, *Aloha kakou,* meaning *Aloha to all,* including himself. The congregation answers by saying, *Aloha* in unison. The speaker may use *nui, pumehana,* or some other word, making the *aloha* bigger or better; but he always says it with a sparkle in his eye and a countenance glowing with the love from his heart.

Aloha Oe, Hawaii's best-known song, was composed about 1882 by Queen Liliuokalani, while returning on horseback from a day spent at the home of Edwin Boyd at Maunawili ranch. Edwin Boyd was the king's chamberlain, and the ranch was on the windward side of the Pali. The basis of the tune is an old song, "The Lone Rock by the Sea." After the queen put the Hawaiian words and music on paper, the English translation was made by Charles B. Wilson, father of Honolulu's mayor.

Aloha week, in November, is a full seven days of parades, pageantry, dancing, and song. The *Aloha* shirt, with its tails tucked into the trousers or left out, is socially acceptable for informal parties, beach parties, sporting events, and all informal gatherings. During *Aloha* week, the *Aloha* shirt is worn by the majority of men for both business and social affairs. Girls and women wear *Aloha* shirts with slacks and pedal pushers.

Alohas fill this enchanted land of loveliness with the sparkle of sunbeams and the scent of a million flowers.



—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

Sentinels

By Olive May Cook

MARCHING out across the farms
Like sturdy pioneers,
Lombardy poplars gnarled and tall
Have braved the speeding years.

And like those western pioneers
Who shared their neighbors' toil,
Lombardy poplars, staunch and strong,
Have guarded stock and soil.



TO A PICTURE . . . YOUNG PIONEER

By Georgia Moore Eberling

THE prairies now are beautiful
With sage and grass,
The sheep graze widely, as they will,
And cattle wander slow and still,
While birds on fence posts sweetly trill
Their highest notes, and fling them at me
As I pass.

I try to see it as it looked to you
So long ago,
When you moved slowly all the day
Beneath a brazen sky or gray
And found no stolen time for play.
How weighted must the hours have seemed
And slow

You must have longed for comforts
And for friends
That you had left; you knew dark fears;
You must have shed some secret tears,
But in your face no trace appears.
You reached your Zion and to it
Were ever true.
Oh, may I have the fortitude to keep my page
Free from black blots and worthy of my heritage.

QUICK FORGIVENESS

By Rose Thomas Graham

I threw a harsh word at a lad today—
I caught him treading on my pansy bed.
He looked up quickly, then he turned his head.
And all at once blue skies, to him, were gray.
He was quite tall but not too old to play.
Then fast as fleeting clouds my anger fled.
Oh, could I but recall the words I'd said
And quench my heart of its untold dismay.

We watched a blue jay flit across the sky,
Then slow and light beside a blossoming tree.
He scolded us, and as the saucy bird
Took off again, he screamed. I laughed. Then I
Looked at the boy, and he laughed back at me.
Our eyes forgave; there was no needed word.

FLOUR MILL

By Catherine E. Berry

THE flour mill stands down by the railroad tracks,
Floor upon floor of bright machinery;
The wheat is ground and sifted, poured in sacks,
Watched by men in white, trained to this industry.
There is today no manna from the skies
To fill the growing world's deep hungry need,
But wheat from all the wide, vast plains supplies
This all-important and life-giving seed.
The golden wheat that God and man have grown
Gives us our daily bread that prayers intone.

I SAW MY DAYS

By Elaine V. Emans

I SAW my days fall into patterns, whether
I wished them to or not, and sometimes gray
Appeared predominant, to match the weather,
And sometimes brown, until I knew that gay
Touches were needed and were mine to add.
And now I do it with a scarlet bird
Enjoyed, a letter to make someone glad,
Or even one sincerely spoken word.
Sometimes I find the color within a song
Another sings, in watching kittens, going
Tramping when it is fair of sky, or snowing,
Or in lighting candles when the day is long—
Rose flame of hope, and faith's of gleaming white,
And often love will bring the pattern right.

RETURN

By Elizabeth Crawford Yates

ENCIRCLING this, the valley field,
Which once my own grandfather plowed,
Is beauty given me as yield
Of wealth for which no back is bowed.

My hands touch morning-glory vines,
My eyes seek mountains' dreaming blue,
While close around my heart there twines
The curving path my young feet knew.

NASTURTIUMS

By Pauline Havard

THE house was an old, gray, weather-beaten
House where the shunting engines passed
While smoke laid a sooty thumb on the curtains.
Yet someone had seen that nasturtiums massed
Their red and orange hosts of color,
Saying, in spite of its situation,
A house can own beauty, if beauty is wanted.
Was it a woman's affirmation
That all was not lost while beauty flourished?
Or was it some old and widowed man,
Rising above his lonely living
As only the human spirit can,
Making this red-gold blaze of color
His answer of courage, his badge of valor?

MOONLIT LAKE

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

NIGHT breeze or moth wing? Who can tell?
Leaf movement imperceptible—
Flow gently, breeze, and do not wake
The panther sleeping in the lake.
Flow gently lest his anger stir
And ripple through his silver fur,
To roar through fanged and dripping jaws
And slash with whitened sabre-claws.
His wrath is jungle-swift in slaughter—
Flow gently, softly, over water.

THE ISLANDS, THE MESSAGE

By Wendell B. Hammond

AND the still voice spoke
In words inaudible, yet unmistakable
To a missionary gazing at Maui's welcome shores
From a weathered, low-decked ship,
As trade winds billowed its tattered sails
Toward Honolulu's harbor, a hundred years ago!
"Here shall a great work commence;
Here shall you take part in its consummation."
Then silent was the silent voice.

By lot did the elders choose to be assigned,
And he who hoped drew the slip: Island of Maui.
So thence with companion did he sail.
And if they who spoke his native tongue
Heeded not the message to them displayed
Then was it surely meant for those of darker skin
But deeper reverence, who in awe profound
Long had daily sought the Creator's approbation.

But how to learn this language strange,
This flow of soft, unending concatenations?
This picture language of rainbow hues—
Galaxies of designs and forms and fancies.
Unheeding, deep into the unknown he plunged;
Came then the event unexpected and unexplained;
Three weeks had scarce passed by
When suddenly his ears did deeply burn within.
"Dimly now I understand," he exclaimed,
"The meaning of most, of most they say."
Then three months later quite fluent was his use
Of the once strange tongue.
"Not by me, by God's blessing was it done."
And they who had seen the miracle believed
Not alone his words of meaning clear
But, in swelling numbers, the message they declared.

* * * *

And when all of fifty years had passed,
And again to the islands the missionary came,
Here Saints to meet in congregation vast,
Where spoke the gracious former queen,
Last royal sovereign of the islands;
Who then did ask and did receive
A blessing at his hands upon her head.

* * * *

The zephyrs say, "Aloha," and "Aloha," sing the seas,
Then rolls the island's swelling drumbeat call
To renew with them past days of worth and glory.
For blessed be the islands and twice blessed
Those who for the gospel there did labor truly;
And thrice blessed be the hundredth year
And all, yea, all who dwell or gather there.

"See What God Hath Wrought"

By President George Albert Smith

Address delivered at the Friday morning session of M.I.A. June Conference, June 16, 1950

It is fine to belong to the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, and I am delighted still to be associated with the Y.W.M.I.A. I think no organization in the world functions better than these two, and I hope that they will continue to work together for the benefit and blessing of all mankind.

We were singing "Oh, Ye Mountains High" a few minutes ago, a hymn that was written by a man who had never seen our mountains and who came here later to make his home and become familiar with some of the things that he had so beautifully portrayed in poetry and in music. Reference has been made to Sister Ruth May Fox, ninety-six years young, who walked across the plains. When somebody one day asked if it wasn't a terrible experience, she said, "It was fun all the way!" I am glad to be able to report that she is free from pain [she fell and broke her hip a day or two ago] and is getting along nicely. I think it would be a fine gesture for this great organization to remember that Sister Fox is in the hospital so that she cannot be here and that a message of love, accompanied by a suitable bouquet of flowers go from this convention.

It has been my privilege in the past few weeks to visit the birthplace of President Brigham Young at Whitingham, Vermont. It was very interesting to me to be able to look into the faces there of quite a number of people from the West, as well as a number of those who reside in that particular section of the country in Vermont. I want to compliment Brother John D. Giles on the fine part he played arranging for several people to make that long trip from here and return safely. I have mentioned President Young, who came into this valley in 1847. He arrived here when this was a desert wilderness. Not very long ago when some visitors were in my office, I pointed out to them Ensign Peak which can be seen from my window, and I said, "Can you see all those trees on that peak?" They strained their eyes to see the trees, but of course there are none. I said, "That's the way this valley looked when the people came in—only one tree. They exclaimed, "My, see what your people have done!" I replied, "When you say that, I am reminded of the man who invented the telegraph—Morse. When it was found that it would work and one could hear messages for a distance of several miles, the people around him were congratulating him on what had been accomplished, and he, in turn, instead of taking the credit, said, 'See what God hath wrought.' "

So, instead of looking at this valley and saying see what we have accomplished, I say, "See what God hath wrought."

The Church continues to grow and develop, and I am happy to say that I feel no part of it is developing any more rapidly or more satisfactorily, perhaps, than the Mutual Improvement Associations which were established that the youth of the Church might grow in understanding and faith, and develop to be men and women that our Heavenly Father would delight to honor and bless. You are the leaders of this splendid organization which now numbers nearly 200,000 members.

I was pleased, indeed, to listen to a fine eulogy on the part of the Vice President of the United States in the nation's Capitol when President Young's statue was unveiled and dedicated. That is quite a change from having the United States Army sent out here to drive President Young and his people from the homes they had built in this stern wilderness. Of course, that was the work of the adversary of all righteousness. That was not prompted by our Heavenly Father, and of course, the army did not accomplish its purpose because the Lord prevented it. But to hear the second ranking official of the United States, the Vice President, stand there in the Rotunda of the great National Capitol and pay tribute to the very man

(*Continued on following page*)

The Editor's Page

(*Continued from preceding page*)

who was leading the Church at that time, when the Army was coming, was a source of great satisfaction.

There has been much go through my mind this morning that is of intense interest to me. It may not be so interesting to you. But I can remember as a young man when I was first identified with the Mutual Improvement Association, in the old Seventeenth Ward, only two blocks from here—and from that time on, I have been identified with this organization. It has been a blessing to me. It has inspired me with the desire to be worthy of such an organization. As I have traveled to and fro in the world, I have met the citizens of many nations, some of them the descendants of Father Lehi, living in the South Seas. All over, where these people have been found and have accepted the gospel, this organization has representatives.

This morning I have enjoyed the program immensely. It has been delightful. I like to look out into this great audience. I wish the world could see a picture of this audience and realize that here are the representatives of nearly 200,000 young people. Here are several thousand representatives who are giving of their time, their means, and their talents in order to develop the most valuable asset that this country has, its youth. We may make a great deal of money; we may acquire flocks and herds, become wealthy in banks and business; but when the time comes for us to leave here, as it comes to all of us, we cannot take any of those things with us when we go. But you people have devoted a part of your lives to develop the characters of the sons and daughters of the Living God. When I think how many of you give your time and labor to preserve the righteous lives of these, our Father's children, and then realize that blessing will never be taken from you, how grateful I am. You may go from here to immortality, with the love and the gratitude of the boys and girls that you have labored to bless going with you throughout the ages of eternity. Is it not worth while? It seems so strange to me that some people don't have any particular interest in children. I remember upon one occasion I was in Washington, and somebody went into President Theodore Roosevelt's office—I would like to emphasize the Theodore—and said to him, "Mr. President, what are we going to do in this country? We have just been checking around here, and many of the women, who are a very important part of this population of the city of Washington, don't seem to care to have any children. They have pug dogs and canary birds and tomcats for pets, but no children. What do you think about it?" And Mr. Roosevelt said, "I think that's all they're entitled to."

I want to emphasize that the greatest blessing that can come to us as sons and daughters of the Living God is to be parents of children who keep the commandments of God and who prepare to be our associates in the celestial kingdom throughout the ages of eternity, and that's what your work is, not only to develop and help those who are your own children, but also to think of others. While on that subject I would like to suggest that in nearly all of the wards and stakes of the Church there are boys and girls who are just coming to an age when they ought to be in M.I.A. and they are not there. Many of them are children of people who do not have faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ, sufficient, at least, to pay attention to their children. I think we can increase the membership in this great organization if those of us who know of such children will go out of our way to invite them to attend Mutual Improvement Association meetings as well as Sunday School, and other organizations. They are our Father's children. It was he who said, ". . . Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." (Mark 10:14.) What a wonderful thing it is to be partners with our Heavenly Father, bringing these children to him. He will do everything he can. He will exercise the influences that come from him, and he will bless us if we acquire that desire to live so that these boys and girls that are coming on, some of whom have been represented here this morning, will establish themselves in faith and righteousness as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I pause long enough to say, my brothers and sisters, this is not the Church of Joseph Smith or Brigham Young. This is not our Church. Fortunately we are identified with, and have membership in, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I have been trying to get some of the older folk—I'm assuming that most of you people are youngsters here this morning—but I have been trying my best to get some of our older people to realize that it is a blessing to belong to the Church of Jesus Christ. It was he who gave it its name. Let us see to it that we honor it and recognize it. It is not sufficient just to belong to the Church. It is important that, while belonging to the Church, we live to be worthy of it.

While I have been away this time, I have had quite a number of people ask me, "What is going to be the outcome in the world? Many nations are in distress; our own country is upset and disturbed. When will we have peace? How will it be brought about?" I have made a very brief answer that the price of peace is righteousness. And there will be no peace worthy of the name on any other terms.

As I stand here, I am looking into the faces of a large group of our Father's family, who have the opportunity and privilege, not only to store their own minds with truth and apply it in their lives, but also to share it with those who are their neighbors and friends. When I meet in this building as I do today with you, my mind goes back to the time when it was erected during the poverty of the people. And yet there is no other structure like it in the world. I know of no other place where there is a lovelier influence than is found when the sons and daughters of our Heavenly Father assemble here in his name to worship. He has said, ". . . Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." (Matt. 18:20.) When I see such a group of wonderful men and women as are here this morning, thousands of them and each a child of our Heavenly Father, and feel the influence that I feel here and rejoice in the program that we have had, my

(*Concluded on page 673*)

SHOULD A SOLDIER LOVE HIS ENEMY?*

By John A. Widtsoe
OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

THE divinely revealed preface to the Doctrine and Covenants makes the statement that ". . . I the Lord cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance." (1:31.) (See also Alma 45:16.)

The nature of sin justifies this unrelenting, final judgment. Sin is untruth, and the misuse of truth. It violates law, the essence of truth. It decries freedom, and fosters tyranny. It deceives and lies. It destroys, but never builds up except for more destruction. It slinks away from light and lurks in darkness. It is in deliberate opposition to the Lord's plan for human progress. Sin is the mark of Satan.

The wide spectrum of sin, laid against a background of selfishness, is everywhere evil. It extends from wilful ignorance to the use of knowledge for unholy purposes; from dishonesty in speech to deliberate murder; from family and neighborhood contentions to warfare among nations. Every part of it corrodes, annihilates, is death-dealing. Every part of it, if uncovered, is hideous and found to beckon from slimy, poisonous depths.

Sin cannot be shown love or mercy, however meek and beguiling it may present itself. It cannot be condoned. Were that done the structure of truth would collapse. The battle of the Church is against sin, of every kind; it must be conquered, or the plan of salvation will be defeated; it must be fought to the bitter end. Tolerance of sin is itself a sin.

All human affairs must be measured by the standards of right. If evil is in man's acts, it becomes a sin to support them. The statue totters and falls if clay is mixed with the iron of the feet. The strength of a democracy, more than any other form of government, lies in its adherence to the principles of the plan of salvation.

A war can be called just, only when waged against sin and for the victory of truth; when it battles for the preservation of the principles which make up the plan of salvation, then warfare is righteous. If it is waged to defeat the attempt to enslave men under tyrannical rule, it becomes a war against sin. Such a war should be supported by all who love right above wrong; by all who adhere to the right of free agency, for which the heavenly battle was fought, long ago.

If it be desired to test the righteousness of a war, compare the issues with those of the divinely formulated plan for human happiness. No other test is needed. The standards are all there.

In such a spirit, with such understanding, the soldiers who go out from this Church must go into battle. They are fighting sin; they are fighting for truth; no quarter can be shown the opposing side. The soldiers of the enemy, whether willing or not, represent a sinful, destructive cause. They must be defeated at any cost, even that of their lives. Sin cannot be looked upon "with the least degree of allowance." The opposing army must be viewed as a cause, not as a group of men.

The cause must be uppermost. The individual must recede in importance, until the cause for betterment has triumphed. Soldiers of a righteous cause, whether the warfare be great or small, must fix their attention upon that cause, and with determination fight for it. The fate of the enemy as individuals must be set aside in the battle for principle. If right wins, as it must and will, the enemy and all humanity will be blessed.

In sacred history war has often been permitted, to establish the cause of righteousness, or to prevent evil from triumphing among men. Even the Savior when the temple of God, "a house of prayer," had been made into "a den of thieves," overthrew the tables of the money changers and the merchants, and drove out all who were violating the holy purposes of the temple. The cause of righteousness must be man's first and constant consideration.

Nevertheless, though sin can be given no quarter, nor those who seek to impose sin upon others, yet the soldier must recognize that the sinner, as an individual, remains a child of God, subject to repentance and the Lord's eternal mercy. Since he represents a sinful cause, it may be necessary to use against him the only weapons he recognizes, even though it means his destruction. The coin of Caesar is his; we must render it to him to win the Lord's cause. Yet we may hope and pray that on the endless, eternal journey, he may find his way to salvation.

Love is the first activating force of the gospel. For love of his children the Lord laid out the plan of salvation. It was love for humanity that gave the Savior courage to meet his death upon the cross. It is through love, one for the other, among the children of men, that the brotherhood of man, the aim of the gospel, will arise upon earth Through love, right will triumph over evil. But, it should ever be borne in mind that love is defeated, unless righteousness is victorious.

Therefore, the love of truth, the gospel, to bless all mankind, must transcend the love of an individual or a group. Usually, the best way to love our enemies is to keep truth from being trodden into the ground by those who are led by evil, designing leaders. Make truth and right triumphant, and love will bear rule among men. There is no other way.

All need to learn that love, as all other virtues, must be exercised with wisdom and in a common-sense manner. Hysteria and emotional outbursts, often for criminals, are not expressions of love, but of diseased conceptions of the right manner of loving our fellow men.

The banner of love will ever be held aloft by the Church. The soldier can and should love his enemy, but not in the sense that he forgets the greater love of the cause by which in the end the enemy and all others will be blessed.

*Reprinted from THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, April 1942, page 225.

FOREBEARS and POSTERITY *In the* PACIFIC ISLES

By
E. S. Craighill Handy
and
*Mary Kawena Pukui**

FOREWORD

IN the last chapter of the Book of Alma we read that in the years 54 and 53 B.C., Hagoth, a builder of ships, led expeditions of Nephites, men, women, and children, "from the land Bountiful, by the land Desolation" (an apt description of Peru) northward into the Pacific, and "they were never heard of more." Were these the first settlers of the Polynesian Islands? Latter-day Saints believe they were. Ethnologists have in recent years recognized one undeniable bit of evidence indicating deriviation of some of the civilization of the far-flung island world from South America. The key to this important bit of evidence is the humble sweet potato. (See *The American Anthropologist*, Vol. 34, pp. 40, 594ff.)

Prior to the explorations of Europeans in the Pacific, the sweet potato was unknown in the Asiatic-Euro-African area. It was cultivated only in the Americas, especially on the west coast of South America and throughout Polynesia. It was known in Polynesia as *kumara*, and the same word was one of its names in one dialect of Ecuador and Peru. Sweet potatoes do not swim, nor can they be borne upon storm winds as some seeds are, nor by currents or birds. Botanists tell us they originated in South America. If so, man carried them into the Pacific. This humble but valuable vegetable botanically and ethnologically may be the key to an early Polynesian migration westward.



A taro patch at Niuhaa, Faaroa District, Society Islands, Raiatea.

But the problem of the origin and migration of the *kumara* cannot be solved by quoting scripture, nor will this story be written by perusing the history of this vegetable alone. As a cultivated plant, the sweet potato (*Ipomea batatas*) was, in the Americas and the Pacific, but one item in an era of cultural heritage which must be studied all together. Other elements in the Pacific Islands complex—for example, another vegetable staple, the *taro* (*Colocasia antiquorum*),—certainly were brought by migrants from South and East Asiatic lands. The *taro's* ancient distribution was wholly from the Pacific to Africa: it did not exist in America.

Such historical problems are deeply interesting. But they do not, for the authors of this article, deserve the center of the stage. To us it seems that it is not the past of this great Polynesian race that is of prime importance, but its future. That future should, if wisely planned, be a new growth in which the best that modern civilzation has to offer is engrafted upon the sound spiritual, moral, and utilitarian principles and heritage evolved in their island civilization by these Polynesians in their two-thousand-year residence in the unique island environment that we call Polynesia.

GENEALOGY

Every Polynesian family of standing in the old days passed on from generation to generation the names of forebears who, having passed into "The Unseen World (*Po*)," were believed to be still intimately concerned with their descendants on earth. These names linked the living, when recited on special occasions of family worship, as during pregnancy, at birth, marriage, and death, with the near and distant forebears, whose ultimate source was the marriage of Sky Father (*Rangi, Lani*) with Earth

*For a note about the authors see Your Page and Ours, page 680.

Mother (*Papa*), according to the mythological lore of these nature worshipers.

The Polynesian genealogist was required to know not only the names of the forebears, but also the relative status of the various lines of ascent or descent. In all cases, superior status was a matter of seniority—a lineage from and through the first-born ranked first. All members of a household descended from junior lines owed fealty to those directly descended from and through first-born children. But it is not only status and honor that are inherent in the first-born, but responsibility also. This person, man or woman, was the titular head of all branches of the family, junior as well as senior: and upon him or her rested the grave duty of perpetuating this heritage as first-born by a worthy marriage, if possible to a first-born of an equal or superior lineage. Under the old Polynesian system, such marriages were arranged by elaborate bethrothal rituals in the infancy of the first-borns.

Genethnics

In old handwritten record books belonging to families, in printed records, in documentary archives, are thousands upon thousands of these Polynesian genealogies, recorded from all parts of the Pacific. From a scientific point of view, most of these are of little value, historically or otherwise. They are mere lists of names in columns headed by the words *man* and *woman*. There is no means of establishing 1, whether the names are mythical or actually personal; 2, whether the order of names represents actual parenthood; 3, who the persons named as recent forebears actually were, when or where they lived, their place of birth, or what sort of person any particular name stands for. Names are given at birth. In the devastating contacts of careless whites with natives, many lives are later wrecked. Of what value, then, are these bare records, which are nothing more than poetic words?

In the hope of helping to create a true science of genealogy for the future, the co-authors of this article are working with a technique, termed *genethnics,* which will, at least for recent and future generations, record a multitude of significant facts about forebears that will enlighten their descendants.



FISHING NETS SPREAD TO DRY ON THE ISLAND OF TAHITI.

Birth

The old Polynesian veneration of their ancestors, and with it the orderly family and community life, collapsed, due to unenlightened policy and education of the early missionaries, both Protestant and Catholic. With this collapse, the traditional care for worthy descendants became neglected. In old Polynesia, those families which treasured the heritage of their ancestors planned for better posterity as systematically as we in modern scientific horticulture plan the production of more and better crops. Polynesians were expert horticulturists, and they applied equal expertness in the more essential breeding of human beings.

To the precious first-born boy or girl was affianced in childhood a mate suitable physically and socially. Until the girl had matured and the mating had produced a new first-born to carry on both lines, an affianced girl was solicitously cared for and guarded by a fostering nurse. Both husband and wife were fed special foods in preparation for parenthood. During the girl's pregnancy, prayers or chants were composed and recited to strengthen the spirit of the child.

Physically and spiritually, expectant mothers, within the limitations of their natural environment, received intelligent care certainly equal in most way to that of modern medical practice. In some ways, Polynesian care was and is superior, for in the Polynesian the psychic and spiritual factors are given their full place. There is no line drawn between psychic and organic: for the Polynesians both are phases of the whole natural process. Spiritually minded Christian Polynesians do

(*Continued on following page*)

A FISHERMAN CASTING HIS NET.





SAMOA, EXTERIOR OF VILLAGE COUNCIL HOUSE.

Forebears *and* Posterity

(*Continued from preceding page*)
this today; but even with L.D.S. Polynesians there is something of the old lost native practice that has never been recovered—a systematic, rigorous consecration of effort and prayer upon the central purpose of producing a worthy child.

Certainly one of the most interesting phases of Polynesian therapeutics is that related to child breeding and rearing. (See "Hawaiian Beliefs and Customs During Birth, Infancy, and Childhood"; Mary Kawena Pukui, *Bernice P. Bishop Museum Occasional Papers,* Vol. xvi, No. 17, Honolulu.) The recording of these practices of peoples throughout the Pacific is much to be desired. Only in Hawaii has even a beginning of this work been attempted.

Nature and Nurture

In Polynesian communities no child is left unmothered. This is partly because the instinct for maternity is so strong with womenfolk. This instinct transcends the sense of racial and cultural differences. In communities like Hawaii and New Zealand it means that, by a slow process over the centuries, Polynesians with an admixture of white and Oriental will probably outbreed other racial types: that is, the unmixed old Polynesian, white, or Oriental. Already this is statistically evident in Hawaii: the "part Hawaiians" are multiplying more rapidly than even the Japanese with their high birth rate. From a scientific point of view, Polynesians when well-nurtured, have three advantages with respect both to breeding and survival: 1, They have "hybrid vigor," to use the biological term, i.e. genetically they have a wider range of variability because they embody traits of several good racial stocks which combine favorably; 2, they are rich in cultural potentialities because they "belong to," are conditioned by, and have affinity for the several cultures of their forebears; and 3, both their hybrid vigor and cultural potentialities are more adaptable to the unique environment to which they belong and which they love. But to fulfil their promise, these Neo-Polynesians must be well-mothered, which is not so rare—and well-fathered, which is much more rare. Church or public schools can never do for them, or for anyone in fact, what the family and home alone can do.

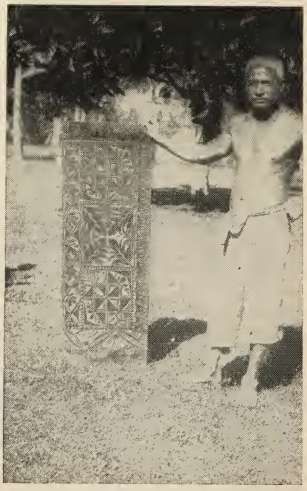
That is why we feel the urgency of perpetuating the well-ordered old Polynesian family systems, which were and are, when adhered to, so well-adjusted to the conditions of living of young and old in this island world. Island life is and always will be rural and maritime. Honolulu, Hilo, Wailuku, Papeete, Auckland: good Polynesians can live there, yes. They can be modern. But the real stock of this race is in the thousands of small communities, along coasts, on atolls, back in the valleys. In these communities it is what sociologists call the "extended family" that is the basic social unit and principle. Families are interwoven like strands in a mat or skeins in a cloth. They may be in compact communities or scattered; but the interweaving makes a very durable social fabric.

Relationship

Throughout Polynesia, from Hawaii to New Zealand, from Tonga and Samoa to the Paumotu atolls, there exists a universal system of principles and terminology relating to the "extended family." *Tupuna* or *Kupuna* are "grandfathers" (and-mothers-uncles-and-aunts), from actual grandparents right back to the most distant ancestors. The root *tupu* means "to grow," *tupuna* "having grown." The living elders, as links in the chains of family growth, are grouped by this term with those who have passed on into the hidden land of the Unseen (*Po*). This is interesting to think into: that even while still living, elders in the family and community acquire a degree of the respect, sometimes veneration, accorded to the souls of the departed. Respect and solicitude for "old folk" is universal with all true Polynesians.

This has a practical side. The

(*Continued on page 677*)



Printing board for making Siapo (Samoan bark-cloth).

A Glance At Hawaiian Mission History

By Marba C. Josephson
ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR, THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

THE ten missionaries who were trying to get relief from seasickness by resting in "berths secured between decks"[1] were rudely jolted into anxiety by terrible banging noises. Inquiring as to the cause, they learned that the vessel on which they were sailing had struck a heavy breaker; the wheel ropes broke:

and the grating noise that we heard was the thumping of the helm. Had the breaker gone over us it would have swept the decks clean, or, had the wheel ropes broken a short time before, it is probable the vessel would have been lost.

In considering our narrow escape, afterwards, we felt to give the glory of our deliverance to God. We were his servants, and on his business, and he had preserved us.[2]



—Photograph by Frank W. McGhie

Front of the L.D.S. Tabernacle at Hawaii at night.

These ten missionaries were on their way to serve in the newly created mission of the Sandwich Islands, as the Hawaiian Islands were then called. Elder Charles Coulson Rich, an Apostle who had been placed in charge of the California Mission, had set these young men apart as full-time missionaries; prior to this time they been filling a special temporal mission. Elder Hiram Clark was appointed president, and the other nine young men thus called were: Thomas Whittle, Henry W. Bigler, James Keeler, John Dixon, George Q. Cannon, Thomas Morris, William Farrer, James Hawkins, and Hiram Blackwell.

The ten had booked passage on the ship *Imaum of Muscat* and set sail November 22, 1850, from San Francisco for the islands. Their fare was a modest forty dollars each, less a five percent discount; they must, however, furnish their own bedding. The captain was to give them the same food as that which the cabin passengers ate. The captain seems to have repented his bargain, for the vessel was becalmed for a time, and the food was not good.

On December 12, 1850, they welcomed the sight of the islands Hawaii, Maui, Molokai, and Lanai. Later they landed at Honolulu, on the island of Oahu. The elders made their way up the hill, which today is a residential area called Pacific Heights. They gathered rocks as they climbed and built an altar and dedicated the land to the preaching of the gospel, and themselves to that service.

Discouragement faced the elders as they began their work. Since they spoke English, they sought the English-speaking people, only to be rebuffed. None of the elders had any success with the whites on the islands. They even had difficulty finding lodging places. Elder Bigler succeeded in finding a native who was willing to give him food and lodging if he would milk the cow and do other chores.[3]

Early in February of 1851, President Clark baptized a native boy who was about sixteen years of age. This lad is credited with be-

(*Continued on following page*)

[1]Andrew Jenson, compiler, *History of the Hawaiian Mission*, unpublished, Church Historian's Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

[2]George Q. Cannon, *My First Mission*, Juvenile Instructor Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1882 (Second edition, p. 14)

[3]Jenson, *op. cit.*, Jan. 25, 1851



Citizens of modern Honolulu of Hawaiian descent take off their business suits and fashionable gowns to don the ancient costumes of Hawaiian royalty of two hundred years ago for the Makahiki pageant.

A GLANCE AT HAWAIIAN MISSION HISTORY

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ing the first Hawaiian to be baptized. The following day (February 11) four of the elders decided that their mission should be among the natives of the islands and that they therefore must learn the language in order to converse with them in their own tongue. Consequently, Henry W. Bigler, James Keeler, George Q. Cannon, and William Farrer went up into the mountain behind Lahaina, Maui, and fasted and prayed all day that the Lord would aid them in learning the language and would help them to touch the hearts of the natives with the gospel message.

By March the missionaries were beginning to have signal success. Elder James Hawkins baptized first six and later eight Hawaiians; in April he baptized fourteen more. But in this month, some of the elders, at President Clark's insistence, decided that they could not be successful in these islands and that they should go to the Marquesas Islands to labor. Five of the elders finally turned away from the mission to which they had been called, leaving the other five to carry forward the missionary work to which they had been appointed. The five who gave up their assignments met most tragic ends, and President Cannon later stated that their untimely deaths were in some measure the result of their unwillingness to stay and finish their missionary labors.

The deflection of President Clark and the other missionaries was not the only disheartening event, for the problem of food and clothing became vexing. Potatoes with molasses, poi, and fish became their steady diet, and this food seemed strange for people who were used to many vegetables and fruits. Strangely enough, they soon came to like their enforced diet. The question of language was almost an overpowering one. Beautiful as the language was, it differed greatly from that of the missionaries. But the greatest problem of all was the opposition they met from the missionaries from other churches, who, having been in the islands longer, held great power over the Hawaiians.

Slowly as the work of conversion seemed to be moving, by August 1851, "Elders Cannon and Keeler administered the sacrament to 190 members of the Church at Honamanu and baptized ten new converts."[4]

New missionaries were sent out by the First Presidency to replace those who had deflected, and the work went steadily forward. Branches were organized, and the gospel message was preached constantly.

But the language difficulty still prevailed. The elders studied and prayed, but still had little genuine understanding of the fluid tongue which the natives used. One of them undoubtedly spoke for all when he wrote:

> My desire to learn to speak was very strong; it was present with me night and day, and I never permitted an opportunity of talking with the natives to pass without improving it. I also tried to exercise faith before the Lord to obtain the gift of talking and understanding the language. One evening, while sitting on the mats conversing with some neighbors who had dropped in, I felt an uncommonly great desire to understand what they said. All at once I felt a peculiar sensation in my ears; I jumped to my feet, with my hands at the sides of my head, and exclaimed to Elders Bigler and Keeler who sat at the table, that I believed I had received the gift of interpretation! And it was so.
>
> From that time forward I had little, if any, difficulty in understanding what the people said. I might not be able at once to separate every word which they spoke from every other word in the sentence; but I could tell the general meaning of the whole. This was a great aid to me in learning to speak the language, and I felt very thankful for this gift from the Lord.[5]

[4]*Ibid.*, Aug. 17, 1851

THE CLIMB

By Pansye H. Powell

At first the trail was clear and wide,
Foxglove and fireweed at each side.
I squandered young strength merrily
And thought what fun the climb would be.

Gradually the path grew steep—
I learned to plod and not to leap.

Thick boulders challenged me to climb,
Or walk around them, losing time.

Each rise encouraged me to stop
And turn back, daunted, from the top.

Then, unexpectedly, this place
Came into view, this havened space.

Here I could rest; my eye delight
In valley, cliffs, and distant height.

But there, above, is the towering peak,
High at my left; it seems to speak,

Saying, "This level, grassy bed
Gives but a pause, from which are sped

"Sinew and soul for that last try
Onward and upward toward the sky!"

With the learning of the language, Elder Cannon felt that it was almost imperative that the Book of Mormon be translated into the Hawaiian tongue. This work was begun January 27, 1851, and completed July 22, 1853,

> about two years and a half from the time I commenced it. But it was not until the 27th of the succeeding September that we completed the revision.[6]

The translation and revisions of the Book of Mormon were no mean feats to accomplish because the work had to be done in an intermittent fashion, interrupted by preaching and traveling to the various islands. As William Perkins stated,

> . . . there was a general call from all quarters for Brother Cannon to come and preach to them, as he understands the language.[7]

The natives who could assist were used only when they could spare time from their own affairs. One of the poignant and stirring bits of history lies in the deep confidence and love that sprang up between George Q. Cannon and J. H. Napela, with whom Elder Cannon resided and where the translation went forward. Elder Cannon wrote of Napela:

> . . . He was an educated, intelligent Hawaiian, who thoroughly understood his own language and could give me the exact meaning of words. The meanings attached to many words depended upon the context. It is important, therefore, in translating, to know that the words used conveyed the correct idea. Unless the language used carried to the Hawaiian mind the same meaning precisely which the words in our translation gave to us, it would not be correct.
>
> Probably but few in the nation were as well qualified as Brother Napela, to help me in this respect. He was a descendant of the old chiefs of the Island of Maui, in whose families the language was preserved and spoken in the greatest purity, and he had advantages which no other equally well-educated man, at that time, possessed. He had studied the principles of the gospel very thoroughly, he had a comprehensive mind to grasp the truth, and he had been greatly favored by the Spirit.[8]

The final revision of the Book of Mormon occurred between December 24, 1853 and the last day of January in 1854. The following

(*Continued on page 666*)

[5]Cannon, *op. cit.*, p. 23
[6]*Ibid.*, p. 70
[7]Jenson, *op. cit.*, Jan. 19, 1852
[8]Cannon, *op. cit.*, pp. 68-69

A Welcome Gift To The State Archives of SWEDEN

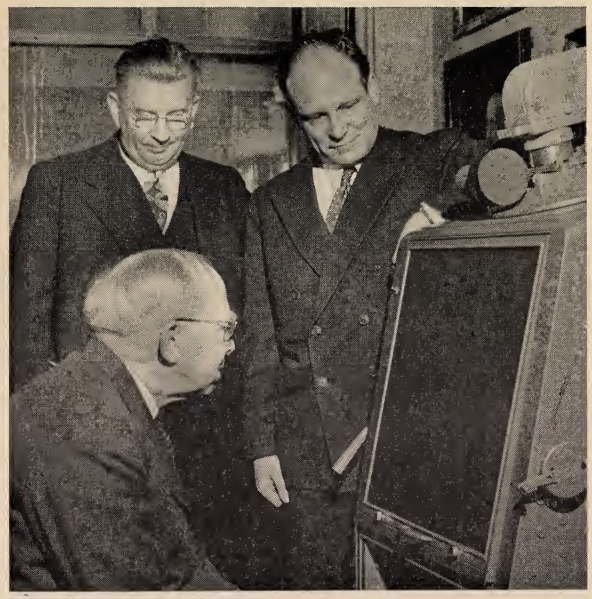
GENEALOGY

By Archibald F. Bennett

MICROFILMING of genealogical records began officially in Sweden on October 19, 1948. A large up-to-date model C camera was installed in the city archives of Stockholm, and records of church books and tax records have been brought to it and microfilmed continuously since that date. Within a few weeks three other cameras were installed in archives in Finland. Some months later a fourth machine was put into operation there. With these five machines over 3,500,000 pages of precious records have been copied.

Permission to copy all of the records desired by us was granted for all Sweden in 1947 by the state archivist, Bertil Boethius. This permission applied to the dozen archives in various parts of Sweden.

Microfilming has gone on in the utmost harmony and spirit of good will, and the archives officials in Sweden have given many evidences of their appreciation for what is being done. On April 6, 1949, the representatives in Sweden of the Church Genealogical Society presented to Mr. Boethius 250 rolls of microfilm, representing nearly five miles of film, a positive copy of the films made for our Society from the various parish registers of the city of Stockholm. The presentation ceremony was a most interesting occasion. Sister Margit J. Blomquist has written the following interesting account:



In the State Archives in Stockholm, Sweden, are seen former President Eben R. T. Blomquist and Lars von Willebrand standing, and Bertil Boethius, State Archivist seated at the screen.

"The following appeared in print in *The Daily News,* the largest Swedish newspaper, and in many other leading newspapers in Sweden:

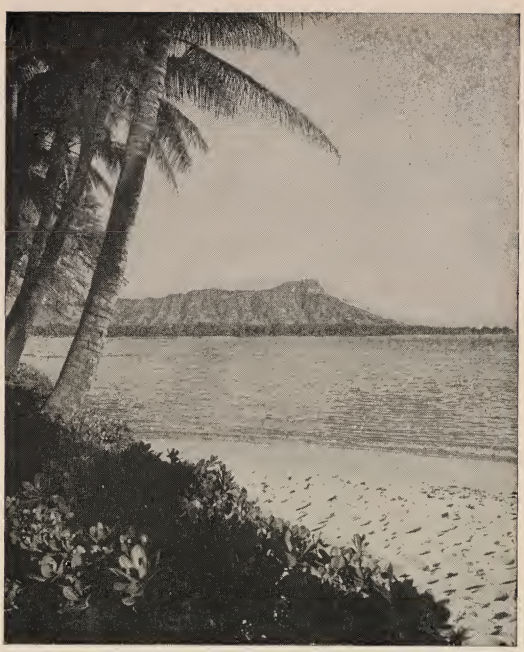
"The great American Genealogical Institute known as the Genealogical Society of Salt Lake City, Utah, negotiated some time ago to microfilm all records in the different archives pertaining to such records that would be of interest for personal research work in a number of European countries. At the same time, the Society pledged or offered to donate a positive copy of all records thus microfilmed to the respective countries. Wednesday, the representative of the Society, Eben R. T. Blomquist, in Stockholm, presented to the State Archivist, Bertil Boethius, the first finished films covering about 375,000 book pages, containing all the Church records of the city of Stockholm.

"As President Blomquist presented to Mr. Boethius the first rolls of microfilm, he stated that as a representative for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he brought greetings from the First Presidency of the Church, and in behalf of the Genealogical Society was pleased to present the film. He expressed an appreciation for the splendid cooperation that had existed in all the different departments in making the accomplishment possible and trusted that this harmonious cooperative spirit would continue until the work is completed. He felt assured that the vastness and importance of this work will be appreciated by all and generations yet unborn.

"In response to this, as Mr. Boethius accepted the roll of film as well as a big box which was standing nearby, with emotion he said: 'In behalf of Sweden and the Swedish Archives, I am more than pleased to accept this generous gift by your Church and Genealogical Society. It will mean so much to us. It has been a pleasure to work with you in this accomplishment, and we shall do all we possibly can in order to assist you and see that all records are made available. It is satisfactory to know that if anything should happen to our records here, another copy can be obtained from over there. This is most satisfactory. Please accept and extend to the First Presidency of your Church and those associated in this work our most hearty thanks for this most generous gift. It is a new epoch in our archive history. Thank you, Mr. Blomquist.'

"At the same time, Mr. Lars von Wille-

(*Concluded on page 670*)



—Photograph courtesy Hawaii Visitors Bureau

WAIKIKI BEACH, HONOLULU, DIAMOND HEAD IN THE DISTANCE

MAN And The Eternal Empire

By Adrian W. Cannon

WHEN only a child in Liverpool, George Q. Cannon had read the scriptures avidly. After he had retired one night, his parents heard him crying. On going to his room, they learned the cause. He was weeping with sorrow that he could not, like the people of Jesus' time, behold the faces of the Savior and his blessed Apostles. Little did he know that the heavens had recently been re-opened to Joseph Smith in far-off America. George Q.'s family was later to be converted and educated to the principle of gathering by John Taylor, an uncle by marriage of George Q.

As the slender sixteen-year-old stood on the deck to see Nauvoo, soon to be the largest city in Illinois, no thought occurred to him that he would one day be a biographer of Joseph Smith, an Apostle, First Counselor to three Church Presidents, the son-in-law and secretary to Brigham Young.

Close examination of Elder Cannon's life tends to vindicate his convictions, now shared by more than a million people, that the youth Joseph Smith beheld and conversed with God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. From them Joseph received a commission to reactivate on the earth their glorious empire of truth and power. This miracle ushered in the supreme kingdom which Daniel prophesied would grow from a small rock until it filled the whole earth. When has man dreamed of an empire whose days could not be numbered, whose sovereignty could not be challenged? In the life of George Q. Cannon and others, we find evidence that such an empire will soon bear sway.

In helping build up the imperishable kingdom, George Q. Cannon lived through countless adventures, trials, and joys. He wrote extensively. The total number of words found in his published speeches and his writings surpasses the two-and-a-half million mark.

During the latter part of his congressional career, he was perhaps a most reliable authority on law, procedure, and legislative personnel in Congress. Since Utah had only a territorial status, and since he was a polygamist, his potential usefulness was unrealized. Whitney's *History of Utah* states:

> He would have been a man of mark in any community. Had he remained in his native England, he would probably have been heard of in Parliament, and it is within the bounds of conservative calculation to imagine such a one the peer of Gladstone, Disraeli, and other premiers of the realm.

In October 1849, at the age of twenty-two, George was instructed to leave Salt Lake for the gold fields of California. This assignment was actually an economic mission since the impoverished Church needed funds. For three years he had scarcely been free from hunger pains, and at times his diet had actually consisted of weeds. But in California conditions improved. He was able to earn money and eat regularly. Before he left for Hawaii, he was earning fifty dollars a day managing a trading post. He chose this work because the greed and false values of most gold diggers prejudiced him against "digging."

After a year in California, he and nine others were called to Hawaii by Elder Charles Coulson Rich. This was purely a spiritual call. They did not know how long they would be gone or how they were

to obtain the necessities of life. Henceforth, their treasure was to be the souls of men.

In November they booked passage on the *Imaum of Muscat*. Their quarters were between decks and were anything but sumptuous. The place was dark and comfortless. To add to the dismal conditions, the sea became uncommonly rough while the ship was yet in the harbor. In writing of the situation, George Q. states:

> . . . we were all suffering from the effects of seasickness; and notwithstanding the dangers of our situation, the sense of the ridiculous (only one bucket among us for every purpose) overcame fear, and I could not help laughing. . . . My levity, however, under circumstances so inconvenient and perplexing, offended one of the elders so much that he reprimanded me for it.

After some time had passed, however, all mirth disappeared from the group. A terrible anxiety gripped them as the fury of the storm mounted. But ever in the worst moments of the storm, George Q. and his companions had firm faith and confidence. They knew that God would not desert them.

Not so the captain—his despair was such that he told his wife "to prepare for eternity, for he did not think we would ever see daylight in the world again."

Cold, foggy, and turbulent was the departure. But after almost four weeks, the full splendor of Hawaiian beauty greeted the seaweary voyagers. Seeing the exuberant natives bedecked with flowers and selling bananas and oranges, it was difficult to remember that it was December.

The elders went to a nearby mountain, where they dedicated the land. While on the mountaintop, the young missionary heard one of the elders speak in tongues; another, who had the gift of interpretation, translated the comforting promises.

He mentions two other occurrences that inaugurated his ministry.

> In casting lots for islands, Maui fell to us. When we were sailing past it, my feelings were drawn towards that island, and I felt that I would like that to be my field of labor.

At this time the men were paired off. George Q. had made no selection.

(*Continued on page 674*)



GEORGE Q. CANNON

Excerpts From The Journal of George Q. Cannon

Dictated By Him To His Son Dr. Clawson Y. Cannon In 1900 — 1901

In 1900 President George Q. Cannon and some of his family returned to the islands for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Hawaiian Mission. His son, Clawson Y. Cannon, acted as his secretary at that time and kept the diary as his father dictated it to him. Some of the notations are of the greatest interest and value. Selections have been made from the diary:

Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1900

Fifty years ago today I, with other elders, ten in all, landed at this place as missionaries to preach the gospel. Of those ten, three are still living, James Keeler, William Farrer, and myself. I may say here, that there were two things which I dreaded very much upon leaving home, one was the sea voyage, the other was my inability to talk the native language, for forty-six years had passed since I left and I have done very little in talking the Hawaiian language since that time. The sea voyage, through the blessing of the Lord and the prayers of the brethren, was a most pleasant one and furnished no cause for dread. The language, also through the favor of the Lord, came to me in a manner to surprise me. When I was called upon this morning to speak, I did so principally in English and spoke with great power. The spirit rested powerfully upon me, but while speaking in English, the Spirit of the Lord would bring the native language back to me, and I would break out in it to the surprise of myself and the delight of the people, for it was a great cause of wonder to them that I should be able to speak in their language at all after so long an absence from the islands. I was made to feel very happy through this blessing of the Lord upon me, for he removed all my causes for dread. It was so every time I spoke during the two days of the celebration.

The morning meeting passed off in a most gratifying manner. The people show a loving affection for me, and I was honored to my heart's content.

Thursday, Dec. 13, 1900

I occupied some time this morning in addressing the congregation in English and Hawaiian. I had great freedom in both languages. I commenced in English, but the Spirit rested upon me, and I broke out in Hawaiian. In the afternoon there were some variations in the program. The ex-queen, Liliuokalani, was present this afternoon, and she expressed a wish that I should speak, as she wanted to hear me, which I did. I afterwards went to her seat, and we had quite a lengthy conversation. In reply to my question as to her state of feeling, she replied, how could she feel otherwise than well after such a pleasing [word omitted] as I had given her (referring to Salt Lake.) She said she hoped to see me at her residence. . . .

I landed here fifty years ago yesterday with very little money, a comparative youth without experience and knowledge of the world. When I commenced my ministry, I was a stranger to the people and to

(*Continued on following page*)

EXCERPTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF GEORGE Q. CANNON

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the language and friendless and homeless. My lonely and friendless condition, and the opposition and enmity I met with at the hands of those who awaited the truth caused me to shed many tears, but when the message I bore was received and obeyed, then I was no longer with no one but God, my Father, for in conformity with my promise to the people that if they would obey the truth, the Lord would give them a testimony and a knowledge for themselves, he did bestow his Spirit upon them, and they became witnesses of the truth of the gospel as well as myself. In this way, thousands of friends were raised up. When I think of the goodness and mercy of God in sparing my life for so long a period to witness the grand results that God has caused to follow the planting of the gospel here, I am filled with praise to the Almighty Father for prompting me to do what I did. To him all the praise and glory is due.

Monday, Dec. 17, 1900

The ex-queen Liliuokalani sent me word that she would like to see me at one o'clock today as she expects to sail for Hilo. Sister Fernandez took me to the ex-queen's residence in her carriage. She welcomed me very cordially and expressed the pleasure it gave her at meeting me. She also dwelt on the good my visit had done and would do, how the people's feelings had been aroused and their love awakened and strengthened by my visit. Many more remarks of this character were made by her, and when I arose to bid her goodbye, she said she would like me to give her a blessing; then she led the way to another room. Before I was aware of what she was doing, she was on her knees at my feet to receive the blessing. I felt very free in blessing her, and the Spirit rested upon us both. . . .

Sister Fernandez took Sister Cannon, myself, and the children out to Pacific Heights. . . . While I know it was on this side of the mountain that we ten elders built the altar and dedicated the land the day after we landed in 1850, and where we had a time of rejoicing and the interpretation of our work, I could not locate the exact spot where we built the altar as the face of the ground has been much changed by attempted improvements.

From this point we went down to the wharf. The steamer *Alameda* came in about four today. Two elders of the New Zealand Mission were on board on their way home. They were Brother Heber Aldous and Rufus Hardy, two grandsons of John Kay. Brother Farr of this mission is released to labor in California, and he sails on the *Alameda* for the coast. We bade them goodbye.

Monday, Dec. 24, 1900

An old lady called upon me this morning and insisted on giving me two dollars. She can't tell the year she was born in, but judging by the things which she told me she remembered, she must be one hundred years or upwards. Her memory is good, and her mind is clear, but her hearing is defective. I gave the two dollars to Brother Woolley so that he could aid her or some other needy person. The natives got up a surprise party this afternoon for the purpose of showing their good will on the eve of my departure and also to show the way the native feasts were conducted fifty years ago. A heavy storm broke on us this afternoon, which delayed the feast two or three hours. The gathering was in an amusement hall which is used for dancing and other purposes. The utmost good feeling pervaded, and in the remarks which were made by the native speakers I was mentioned in the most reverential manner. I was the first called on to speak, then Brother Cluff and Brother Woolley, followed by a native speaker. I am deeply impressed with the love and affection displayed by this people to me. They overflow with kindness and appear as though willing to do everything in their power to show the love they entertain.

Tuesday, Dec. 25, 1900

We left Laie about ten o'clock. The Saints came in crowds and gave us a parting song.

We took the train at Kahuku for Honolulu. The country was very beautiful, with grand views of the ocean. We reached Honolulu at half past five o'clock.

Wednesday, Dec. 26, 1900

At ten o'clock we drove to Honolulu. Sister Cannon did not intend to go to Maui with me as she dreaded the landing, but Sister Fernandez said that she would go to Maui if Sister Cannon would, so they both made up their minds to go. We embarked on the *Kenu* and the voyage occupied about seven and a half hours.

Thursday, Dec. 27, 1900

I had many reflections this morning upon my first residence in this place. It was here where the Lord revealed to me the good that should be accomplished if I should stay and work with this people. So clear was I upon this point that I was resolved to stay here if I had to do so alone. My feelings are indescribable when I see how fully the Lord has fulfilled his words to me concerning that which should be accomplished. We were alone then with no earthly friend but with the gospel. Hundreds and thousands of friends have been raised up as witness to the truth. What great cause have I [to rejoice] in viewing what has been done. It am profoundly grateful that I was chosen and inspired to perform the part which I did. Thousands have been brought to the knowledge of the truth who have rejoiced exceedingly in its possession.

I started out to find if possible the place where Nalinanui lived when she gave us shelter. I wanted to find the site of this house and the garden where I sought the Lord in

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TOMORROWS

By Dorothy J. Roberts

One thinks of tomorrows—small as fronds—
Minute within the mind of God,
When seeing deserts where only the pod
Of slim white candles parch on wands

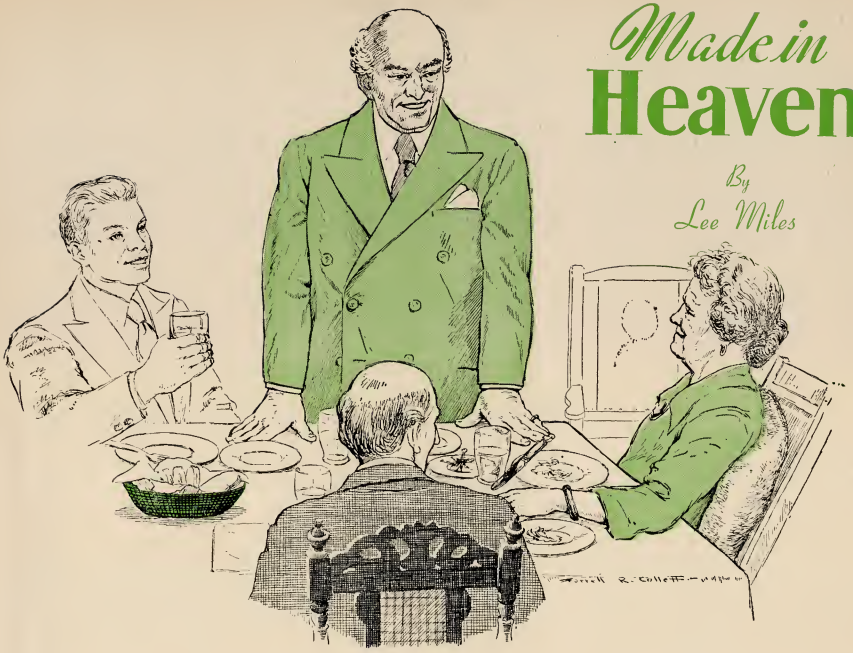
Among the Joshua and sage.
One thinks of strains, unquenchable,
In man, and wings, immutable,
Cocooned in hearts of every age,

That vision such barren plains of earth
Their sons' wide yard, the trek begun,
The green of growth supplanting dun,
And as their sires, an empire's birth.

In harbors, yet, new sails will court
Fresh winds to drive a seeking prow.
The legions of the questing now
Converge upon a distant port.

Made in Heaven

By Lee Miles



"ANYBODY want more white meat? Here, Uncle George, you can eat another slice, can't you? And how about you, Grandma? After all, this is your golden wedding."

Nettie held a platter of sliced turkey between her uncle and the frail little grandmother. Grandma sighed and shook her head; but Uncle George helped himself generously, grunting his thanks. Glasses and silverware clinked pleasantly down the length of the table. Little patches of talk drifted upwards and seemed to hang above their heads in the warm air of the room until bursts of laughter dispelled them. At the head of the U-shaped table sat Grandma and Grandpa, Uncle George and Great-Uncle David; the rest of the relatives were ranged on either side according to age and importance.

Uncle George rose to his feet and "harrumphed" importantly. It was time for the tributes to begin. All afternoon, during open house, outsiders had flocked in and spoken kind words to the elderly couple. Now it was Uncle George's moment. He waited for complete silence before he began, with the sense of drama which everyone said made him so impressive as a state senator.

"Well, folks," he smiled expansively, "I won't bore you with a lot of introductory remarks. You all know why we're here today, and I hope you're all as happy to be here for that purpose as I am." Uncle George turned and looked down at his mother. His face softened with tenderness.

"And now," he said, glancing around the table thoughtfully, "I'm going to tell you a story. It's a wonderful story. It's one that Mother and Dad told to me—well, more than thirty years ago. Yes sir, the night before I left for my first year in college, they told it to me. And you know, folks, it's a pretty thrilling and impressive story. Sort of gave me faith in a lot of things, 'specially in marriage.

"Well, this is the story. You've heard lots of folks say that some people's marriages must have been made in heaven. They've said it about Mother and Dad. But I guess maybe there's one thing you didn't know. And that is that theirs actually was made in heaven. Eh? I see some of you don't believe me. Well, it's the gospel truth." Uncle George had expected the amused smiles of the young people and the giggles of the children. They won't believe it, he reflected, because they won't understand.

"Well," he continued, "it was over fifty years ago that this marriage was made. Yes, it was arranged even before Dad and Mother knew each other. They came to know about it, though. They knew when they first saw each other that they would be married. But, say, that's getting ahead of my story. It really starts way back in Scotland, in Ayrshire. Mother was eighteen, and judging from her pictures, I'd say she was very pretty and sweet." Uncle George smiled

(*Continued on following page*)

(*Continued from preceding page*)

at Grandma, and she looked at him fondly, her head tilted so that she could hear every word.

"Anyhow, her folks had just been converted to the Mormon Church, and they were set on coming to Utah with a group of Saints who were sailing together. But Jennie—Mother—wasn't quite sure that she wanted to come with them. She was engaged to a young Presbyterian fellow, and she couldn't make up her mind to leave him. And then, she had a talk with one of the missionaries who had converted her parents."

* * *

Grandma's head was bent, and her eyes were almost closed as she listened now. She could remember that day very clearly. Even now she could see the old vine-covered stone house on the banks of the Ayr River, and smell the heather as she walked along the path. She remembered the way the river had sounded when she stood on the damp, springy grass trying to face the thoughts which she had kept pushed far back in her mind for the past few weeks. Now she had to make her choice. She could leave tomorrow for Liverpool with her parents or she could stay here and marry Alan. She could go to live with his parents in Troon until he had their own house built, out by Irvine, and then they could make themselves a very snug life together on the little farm. Alan was kind and would take good care of her. She loved the way he looked at her and called her, "My wee Jeannie Broon." But still she was not sure. There was this new religion, and her parents. They wanted her to go to America with them.

"Why, Jennie, hello," a man's voice broke in upon her troubled thoughts. Jennie turned and looked up unhappily at the missionary who had been up at the house talking to her parents.

"Jennie, my girl, I'm worried about you," Brother Stephens began quietly. "I know you don't have much faith yet in the Church, but you do have faith in God. I know that you feel hurt and bewildered and frightened because of this sudden change in your life. It saddens your mother and father that you cannot accept it as God's will. But we all understand that it is hard for you." He spoke with kindness.

"Jennie, your parents and I have just been praying together asking God for guidance about you. And we asked him to reveal to you what your course should be."

"You mean—you mean you expect God to tell me what I should do?" Jennie's voice was incredulous.

"Not exactly." Brother Stephens looked at her with such directness that she felt ashamed. "I expect him to help you to understand yourself, so that you can make your own decision. Will you pray with me now, Jennie? Please." His tone was compelling. Jennie knelt beside him, feeling overpowered by his authority and intimacy with God.

She bent her head as the missionary began his prayer. It was very still on the slope near the river, except for the soft slipping of the water against the rocks. Brother Stephens spoke with quiet reverence, as he made his appeal to God. Jennie felt the warm sun on her back while she listened to his words.

She could not explain the strange feeling that unexpectedly invaded her. The voice of the missionary rang dimly in her ears and there was a surging, singing sensation inside her that rose from her heart and spread to her fingertips. She began to feel calm and somehow very peaceful. Never when she had knelt to pray before had she felt like this. It was as if God had tapped her on the shoulder and said, "It's all right, Jennie." She found herself whispering a prayer of her own now, clenching her hands tightly and feeling the dampness of her palms. She could hear the violent thudding of her heart as she finished, and she was filled with such happiness that her chest was tight with emotion. Her face was radiant, and her eyes were wet when she turned to face the missionary.

"Is everything all right now, Jennie?"

"Yes. Oh, yes, at last everything's all right!"

* * *

Grandma was jarred abruptly back to the present when she heard Uncle George making a toast to her. She acknowledged it with a faint smile, unable to speak.

"Grandma, did you really see a vision of Grandpa, or talk to God?" insisted a curious ten-year-old.

"Nae, nae, o' coorse not." Even fifty years in America had not taken the soft Scotch burr out of Grandma's voice. "He just showed me the way I sh'd tak by making me feel sa right whin I prayed. After that, I said g'bye to Alan and came to Amer-rica with ma folks. Br-rother Stephens used to tease me, thin, and he kep' promisin' me that the first mon I saw whin I got to ma new home w'd be the mon I wuz mated to in hiven. He thought 'twas a joke, but it really happened that way." Grandma spoke half in her native brogue as she reminisced. She paused and looked at Grandpa. Her eyes twinkled. "The first mon I saw whin I got off the train at Winter Quar-rters was your gr-randfather. We were wed six months later-r."

"Yes, but, how about Grandpa? How did he find out about you?"

Grandpa leaned forward with a smile. He mopped the top of his bald head with a handkerchief in a

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LATE EVENING RAIN

By Inez Clark Thorson

THE rain falls gently on my roof
And runs along the pane
And gives a portion of itself
To fields of corn and grain.

The blades of grass are clean again
And proudly lifted up
While thirsty flowers hold on high
A tiny nectar cup.

Then clouds turn silver linings out;
The raindrops' song is still,
So still that I can hear the flute
Of one lone whippoorwill.

I turn into the lane and from
A window opened wide,
My children's laughter drifts to me
And peace walks at my side!

A Visit To Royalty

By Claire Noall



HAWAIIAN KING



HAWAIIAN QUEEN
Her dress is of exquisite peacock feathers and velvet.

In November 1885, when Matthew and Libbie Noall left their "bride's house" in Salt Lake City to go to Hawaii, they were a carefree couple. Twenty-one and twenty years old, they had not the least idea of what it would mean to serve as L.D.S. missionaries in a strange land where, if successful, their work must be carried on in a foreign tongue.

Most of the mission wives in the islands considered themselves primarily as wives rather than as actual helpmeets in the field, and few of them learned to speak the Hawaiian tongue. Most of the elders found the language difficult. But Matthew and Libbie set to with all their hearts to learn it. Their eventual fluency led to deep understanding between themselves and the native Hawaiians.

Such communion was a far cry from Matthew's dread of the islands when first called on his mission. For years he had been looking forward to marriage and life in the "bride's house" which he had built with his own hands and which was largely furnished through Libbie's handiwork and her earnings as a schoolteacher.

The couple arrived at Laie some twenty years after a large plantation had been acquired there as a gathering place for the Church. Here many native Saints from the Hawaiian branches had established homes. Mission headquarters were in a house of Spanish architecture, purchased with the land.

The Noalls' first night at Laie was not spent in the mission house, however, but in an auxiliary building, or shed. Here the rats ran up and down beside their bed, which swayed on long strips of canvas, once part of the ceiling. Nor were Libbie's fears allayed by the sound of the trade wind's ceaseless moaning.

One of Matthew's first assignments was to build a four-roomed house which would serve as four apartments for missionaries and their wives. This work kept him at Laie, where he and his wife joined a language class. Matthew's next assignment made him the schoolteacher of the native children at Laie. According to government regulations, he taught them in the English language.

Libbie did not regret his stay at Laie. In May 1886, their first child was born. Libbie was confined under the capable hands of Julina Lambson Smith, wife of Joseph F. Smith, who became the sixth president of the Church. Eleven days previously, Julina, a trained midwife, had taken care of herself when her own son was born. From Libbie's bed, she went to a Hawaiian woman's. When she put a child into this mother's arms, an unbreakable bond was formed among the three women.

Matthew and Libbie called their child Vera, but the natives thought that name too plain. They gave the little black-eyed girl one of their own—*Kalamakuokeola,* or the "Light of Everlasting Life."

While Libbie and the baby waited for Matthew at Laie, he spent the second winter of his mission laboring on the island of Hawaii, where he used the native tongue exclusively. He walked from branch to branch of the Church, spending about a week in each village or city. He found Hilo almost as large a port as Honolulu, and equally exciting and beautiful. Yet, in the outlying districts, he sometimes visited in grass homes, though most of the Saints had built frame houses.

Life in this island proved a rich experience for Matthew and prepared him for the work he was later to do in Honolulu. In Hawaii, he became acquainted with the land.

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LIBBY AND MATTHEW NOALL

A VISIT TO ROYALTY

(*Continued from preceding page*)

He visited the great craters of Mauna Loa and Kilauea. He learned to understand the native attachment to the old ideas. Though Christians, these lovable, handsome people still hung tenaciously to their belief in the power of their ancient gods. They feared their old *Kahunaanaana*, or priests. Matthew saw some people abandon themselves to this power and lie down to die. He learned that in thus giving in to this idea, certain individuals had died. He counseled the Saints patiently and wisely in regard to natural phenomena; he tried to make them understand the fire of their volcanoes was not a result of priestly wrath.

In April 1887, Matthew and Libbie were the only L.D.S. missionaries in Honolulu. In this beautiful city Matthew had the pleasurable task of building a chapel. On Punch Bowl Boulevard the Church owned a piece of property where a dilapidated building had been serving as a meetinghouse for the Honolulu Saints. On this same piece of ground stood a three-roomed cottage, which he moved to one side of the lot. This house had been empty and had been used as a stopping place for traveling missionaries. Then, as now, Honolulu lay on the main line of travel in the Pacific. Families going to and returning from Samoa and landing at the Hawaiian Islands made use of this house. Local L.D.S. travelers also made themselves at home in it. But—approximately thirty-five years after the founding of the mission—the Church deserved better accommodations in this appealing city. Here, there were many white people to be reached as well as natives.

Lumber was imported from northwestern United States for the meetinghouse. Fellow missionaries came from Laie to help build the chapel. Native Saints from Honolulu proved excellent workers. Finally, after three months of arduous toil, the building was completed. It had a seating capacity of over two hundred, and a Sunday School room in the basement. Besides this, the cottage had been put in good condition; through Libbie's efforts it had been made homelike and attractive.

In April 1888, the chapel was dedicated, and the Saints were honored by the presence of Queen Kapiolani. Matthew and Libbie were acquainted with both their Majesties. When the queen spoke at the service, the dedication of the chapel became renowned. At the conclusion of the meeting, she said in her native tongue to Libbie, "How is it that when I call my subjects to help me in some special work they respond begrudgingly, or reluctantly? Yet, when you ask your Relief Society sisters, who are also my subjects, to help *you* in your special work, they serve you wholeheartedly?"

In the Hawaiian language, Libbie said, "I will answer you in the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith when he replied to a similar inquiry: 'I teach my people correct principles and let them govern themselves.'"

The queen did not resent this answer. She became still more friendly with Libbie. However, the Noalls had never set foot in the royal palace. From the first glimpse she had caught of the grounds, Libbie had longed to see the king and queen *at home*.

Underneath the pleasant experiences of the Noalls in Honolulu, lay much effort and determination on their part to make the best of numerous trying situations. In her diary, Libbie wrote: "Vera tries me nearly to death. I don't know what to do with her." If the child was fretful, it is understandable, for owing to her unsuitable diet, she had worms. Libbie herself was expecting another child. Still she remained active as president of the Relief Society, and as a worker in the Primary and the Mutual Improvement Associations. The native women adored her. Even so, they exasperated her by frequently failing to live up to her expectations. Though they loved fairs and bazaars where they had an opportunity to display their remarkable handiwork, they were like children when it came to arranging the displays. Instead of working they sang, laughed, danced, and idled, proving themselves almost incapable of understanding cooperative effort. Enthusiastic over her high goal, Libbie was perplexed and annoyed by such behavior. Still she made the best of things. She proudly displayed the hat the native women had made for her of braided straw. Around the crown, they had placed a wreath of squash vines which they had split and curled. The tendrils were so delicate as to be exceedingly attractive.

In visiting the various branches in the Honolulu district, Libbie found transportation a problem. She tried riding horseback for a while. But she soon abandoned this method because she had to take Vera along. At this time she herself was hardly fitted for such riding. When she took a carriage or taxi, the expense troubled her, as it had to be met by the Church. Finally she employed a native woman to look after Vera and help with the household duties. When the native did not work energetically, Libbie was again tried, but she spoke to her kindly, and the woman was faithful.

Libbie's baby, a second daughter, was born in July 1888. At this time she and Matthew were looking forward to their return to America, but before they left the islands the great desire of her heart was granted. A missionary, on his way to Samoa, left a gift from a former missionary, a Brother Lambert, to be presented to the king and queen.

One of the native Saints was an employee at the royal grounds, and through him a visit to the palace was arranged for October 31, 1888. Libbie wrote: "I had long wanted to see his Majesty before leaving these islands and also for *once* to put my foot on the threshold of the royal palace. Unacquainted with the formalities of royalty, she noted

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WIND

By Ora Lewis Wilson

WIND is a woman who dresses hair;
Treetops and clouds she brushes with care,
Parting them here and plaiting them there.

Then with a swoop and a sudden swirl
She fashions a wave and a wisp of curl
And turns the sky to a gay young girl.

Dozens of coiffures, one by one,
She combs and coils and, then in fun,
Carelessly takes them all undone.

His SECOND Bank Account

By Lilith Sanford Rushing



"Guess I won't be home until supper, honey. . . ."

FAYE NESBITT, standing on the screened-in porch, watched her husband as he came toward the house.

"I've been foolish to even hope for the oat crop," she thought, as she looked about at the great damage of last night's storm.

Twigs and small branches from the trees cluttered the ground, and the heavy rain had pitted great holes in the yard in some places and had left corrugated sheets of silt in others. Herb Nesbitt was entering the yard now, his shoulders drooped, his hat pulled low over his face. Faye turned quickly back into the kitchen.

"I won't embarrass him by staring at his disappointed and discouraged face," she thought.

No, she'd let him get himself in hand. He would make a great-to-do about getting the mud from his feet. He'd wash pretty thoroughly and comb his hair there on the porch before he came in. Oh, Herb had counted big on his oat crop! Faye felt her throat ache with unshed tears. She glanced hastily in a mirror and struggled to banish her worried look. Herb mustn't find anything here in his home to drag on his spirits. That ruined crop should be enough.

She could hear him industriously cleaning at his shoes. The baby in her high chair began a tinkle-tinkling with her dish and spoon, and Faye bent to kiss her curly head. She could hear Donnie, their seven-year-old son, hustling about getting his cap and schoolbooks together before the bus came.

Herb came in then, sailing his hat toward a corner. "Yep, that field of oats is flatter than a pancake! How we're going to feed the chickens and stock around here now is anybody's guess!" he burst out with a forced bravado.

"Oh, Herb, honey," Faye let slip out, a little despairing in spite of herself, then added quickly, "we'll have some late crops, I'm sure."

"Oh, I don't know—this sure was a gully-washer last night. Broke terraces and burst drainage ditches. Oh, Donnie, the bus is coming! Look how it's slipping!" Herb called out as he sank into a chair with a sigh.

Donnie rushed out, telling his parents good-bye, and Faye put his lunch pail in his hand, saying, "That second piece of cake is for that little boy you said never, never had cake!"

"Yes, ma'am, thanks," and with a flash of flying legs and a slamming door, Donnie was gone.

Faye saw her husband lean back in his chair and shut his eyes. Then he said, "Faye, we've got the children to educate and take care of. And you were counting big on some new yellow curtains for the dining room, weren't you? I believe that hurts me most—you not getting them. You've put them off so long!"

"Material things like curtains don't count, Herb. What counts is the stuff inside us that can stand up under hardships," Faye said and began piling the breakfast dishes in the sink.

She whispered a little prayer, there at the sink, that she and Herb would prove brave under any chastisement. A honk in the road brought Herb to his feet. He went out quickly but came back in a moment, "I'm going to try to find some kaffir seed. Clint Hart thinks we could make a little fodder, at least."

"Why, of course, you could try," Faye cried cheerfully. "And we do have a bank account you can check on to buy the seed."

Herb came over to her, his shoulders erect now, and grinning the way a person does when it hurts just a little, "Guess I won't be home until supper, honey, and I may have to check on our bank account to get the seed. But I've got a second bank account I don't know what I'd do without! I'm always checking on it," and with these startling words, he kissed her quickly and hurried out the door.

Faye was so surprised she couldn't find voice to call after him for an explanation. A second bank account! What on earth was Herb talking about? They had no second bank account. Why, Herb was so bothered he hardly knew what he was saying. Oh, pshaw, she wouldn't worry about it! There was too much to do to take time off for figuring out Herb's odd joke.

"I know what I must do today," Faye cried, "do everything in my power to fight off that blue feeling when a person loses a crop. If Herb comes home to a house bright and shiny and everyone cheerful, the fight is almost won!"

When Herb returned for supper, she'd have everything so cheerful he couldn't worry! And she'd have the yellow curtains, too. There was a package of dye in the sewing machine drawer.

Then Faye shifted herself into high gear and went to work in earnest. She bathed and dressed the baby, putting her in her pen with her playthings. Then she jerked down the old curtains, washed and dyed them, and when they were on the line drying, she cleaned the house. She was so busy she almost forgot about lunch. She kept herself tuned to a little song she sang half under her breath, yet try

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From The GREEN

By Clarence S. Barker



Immediately following the unveiling President George Albert Smith shook hands with Mabel Young Sanborn, daughter of Brigham Young; sculptor, Mahonri M. Young at her left, and Orson Whitney Young at right of President Smith.

ONE hundred and fifty years of Church history and terrain extending from the green, wooded hills of Vermont to the mountains and valleys of Utah were surveyed by thirty-eight members of the Brigham Young Memorial Tour, May 20 to June 8, sponsored by THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

Throughout the twenty days of travel by chartered bus traversing nineteen states, Canada, and the District of Columbia, it was evident that early leaders and members of the Church lived close to the soil. Modern highways, speeding automobiles, and power machinery have changed the tempo of living. Evidence persists, however, that Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, who obtained from the Lord the foundations for building great cities and empires, were born and reared in sparsely-settled agricultural areas. There, close to the soil and associating with Bible-reading, God-fearing neighbors, they gained profound knowledge of God and man.

In contrast to the peaceful country vista found at many of the stops were the deeply moving services June 1 in the National Capitol. There before more than a thousand people packed in the rotunda and many crowded in the entrances and steps, a white, Italian-marble statue of President Young, prophet-colonizer-statesman, was unveiled amidst the acclaim of leaders of the state and nation.

Music which drew tears was played by the U.S. Marine Band and Orchestra and sung by the Utah Centennial Choruses of missionaries from the Eastern and Central Atlantic States missions, and by the Manhattan Ward choir, New York Stake. Among the selections were Evan Stephens' anthem, "Let the Mountains Shout For Joy," and an ensemble "Devotion" composed and arranged by Crawford Gates, with words by Vilate Raile, and directed by LeGrand Maxwell.

To President George Albert Smith went the honor of dedicating the statue of the man once driven from the United States. Mrs. Mabel Y. Sanborn, who at eighty-seven, is the only living daughter of President Young, pulled the cord which raised the flag of the United States from the imposing statue. Assisting were the sculptor, Mahonri Young, a grandson, and Orson Whitney Young, member of the state statue commission and a great-grandson.

Vice President of the United States Alben W. Barkley praised President Young unstintedly: "He was a true pioneer and promoted the right of free worship. He was an advocate of justice and democracy—of the kind of democracy we must preserve."

Governor J. Bracken Lee of Utah presented the statue to the federal government and paid tribute to President Young as having "endowed his people with an undying faith and trust in their Creator, a burning desire to earn their way by the sweat of their own brows, an abhorrence for governmental paternalism, and rugged individualism."

Part of the audience and participants that crowded the Rotunda of the National Capitol, Thursday, June 1, 1950 at the unveiling ceremony of the Brigham Young statue.



HILLS To STATUARY HALL



Whitingham, Vermont, monument to Brigham Young dedicated Sunday, May 28, 1950. Left to right: Gladys Young Orlob, Edith Young Booth, Leah D. Widtsoe, George S. Young, and Don C. Young.

Senator Elbert D. Thomas of Utah told of the profound effect President Young's work had on the spread westward of religious freedom. Mrs. E. E. Ericksen, commission executive secretary, conducted the program. Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona of the Joint Committee on the Library, United States Congress, accepted the statue on behalf of the federal government.

Attended by as large an audience, in the picturesque setting of the green mountains of southern Vermont, was the dedication Sunday, May 28, of a twelve-foot polished granite shaft at the birthplace of President Young, Whitingham, Vermont. There also, President Smith realized the ambition of many years in completion of the monument which he dedicated.

The shaft is on an eminence in a public recreation and memorial area two miles above the village of Whitingham.

Said Judge Harrie B. Chase, Brattleboro, Vermont, of the U.S. Circuit Court, speaking for the Town(ship) of Whitingham:

> The name Brigham Young has become accepted as a symbol of perseverance, courage to bear difficulties, and capacity to surmount them. This monument is a fitting tribute to a great American, Whitingham's famous son.

In another eulogy, Elder John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve said:

> Out of discord he brought concord . . . he taught his people industry and left no place for the idler; he taught them to study and founded several universities; he is looked upon as the founder of cooperation in our day, and taught that men must have faith, resting everything on industry, education, and cooperation.
>
> His ideas could save the world. Brigham Young was a great man. His place in history is safe.

President S. Dilworth Young of the First Council of the Seventy, president of the New England Mission, said, rugged Vermont, which has produced many great men, yet will rejoice that a prophet of the Lord was born within its borders.

Senator Arthur V. Watkins of Utah told that President Young had taught how obstacles were a blessing—not a detriment—and had demonstrated this. W. D. Canedy, Whitingham Town(ship) clerk, related history of the area. John D. Giles, conductor of the tour and executive secretary of the Utah Pioneer Trails & Landmarks Association, conducted the stirring program. He had handled much of the work incident to erection of the monument, which was provided by descendants of President Young in cooperation with the Church.

After the program and after having been guests of the Town(ship) of Whitingham for a delicious box luncheon, the tour party proceeded eastward to the Connecticut River Valley, then northward. It was easy to see why, because of the narrow river valleys, shallow soil, and outcropping rock, parents of Brigham Young and Joseph Smith and others went southwestward to take up more fertile land in the then frontier areas of the state of New York.

On the morning of May 29, the group held services eighty-five miles north of Whitingham at the birthplace of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Situated high in the hills in maple and farming country are the memorial cottage and a polished granite shaft thirty-eight and one-half feet high, a foot for each year of the Prophet's life. To the attentive group, Heber C. Smith, in charge of information and missionary work at the cottage, related historic background.

The Joseph Smith, Sr., family moved to the Solomon Mack homestead in Sharon Township, Windsor County, under humble circumstances. There the father labored on the farm in the summertime and in the winter taught school. They were isolated from all but a few neighbors.

From Sharon the family moved to Lebanon, New Hampshire, some twenty-five miles distant, and later to Norwich, Vermont, nearby. During this period, Hyrum, older brother to Joseph, attended Dartmouth Academy, now Dartmouth University, Hanover, New Hampshire. From Norwich the Smiths went to the Palmyra, New York, area.

A luncheon stop was made at

(*Concluded on following page*)

FROM THE GREEN HILLS TO STATUARY HALL

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

Rutland, Vermont, near the birthplace of Oliver Cowdery. From Vermont, Oliver had moved to Manchester Township, New York, where he stayed with the Smith family a winter while teaching school.

The historic Palmyra area, twenty-five miles east of Rochester, New York, was visited May 27. Fertile fields with occasional rises such as the Hill Cumorah characterize this section. Three miles from the hill is the Sacred Grove and Joseph Smith Farm, purchased for the Church in 1903 by President George Albert Smith.

Near Mendon, eighteen miles distant, was seen the John Young home built partly by Brigham Young. Robert Hutchinson, third generation of a family which since has owned the home and farm, displayed a brick bearing the "B" of Brigham Young's initials, which the father of Mr. Hutchinson had dug from the site of Brigham Young's chair factory. He displayed a chair reputedly made in that factory. Neighbors of a bygone day classed Brigham Young as "lazy" because he built a millrace and machinery to saw wood.

Southeast, between Lakes Seneca and Cayuga, is the Peter Whitmer farm, now owned by the Church, where on April 6, 1830, the Church was organized. Nearby is the oak grove in which the Three Witnesses to the Book of Mormon were shown the plates.

Beautiful homes on the Genesee Turnpike near Auburn, New York, said to have been built by Brigham Young, chief carpenter and designer, were visited, also the Seward mansion, inspiration for the Lion House, Salt Lake City.

Some 125 miles southeast from Palmyra is the village of Nineveh, closest settlement to what became the first branch of the Church in Colesville Town(ship), New York. In an area now devoted exclusively to farming, Josiah Stoal and Joseph Knight operated gristmills and carding mills alongside Indian Springs Creek. They went to Palmyra in the fall of 1825 to buy wheat and there met Joseph Smith.

Thirty miles down the Susquehanna River is the site of McKune settlement, Harmony Township, Pennsylvania. The homesite of Isaac Hale, father of Emma Smith, and homesite of Joseph and Emma Smith about 1828-31, where he translated much of the Book of Mormon, is here. The Church recently purchased the large farm.

It was on the banks of the Susquehanna River near the McKune settlement that Joseph and Oliver received the Aaronic Priesthood at the hands of John the Baptist May 15, 1829. The Melchizedek Priesthood was restored soon after in the wilderness along the river between Colesville and Harmony townships.

From the New York areas, the early Church members moved to Kirtland, Ohio, about twenty miles east of Cleveland. Tour members visited Kirtland May 26. Through courtesy of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which now holds title to the temple, the party visited the interior of this gracefully-proportioned structure.

Independence, Jackson County, Missouri, was visited June 4 and 5. Of sixty-three acres of the temple lot dedicated 119 years ago, twenty-six now belong to the Church. On this are Central States Mission headquarters, a chapel, and Zion's Printing & Publishing Company.

The huge, reinforced concrete and steel auditorium and other buildings of the Reorganized Church, and a Church of Christ (Hedrickites) frame church, occupy most of the rest of the temple lot.

At Liberty, Missouri, is the Church-owned site of old Liberty Jail, where the Prophet Joseph, Patriarch Hyrum, and four others were imprisoned during the winter of 1838-39. Tour members saw part of the stone dungeon floor and the filled cavities in which eye bolts once were embedded, holding chains to which prisoners could be locked.

The site of the Richmond, Missouri, jail was visited—the jail where the Prophet Joseph was chained and tormented but rebuked his jailers with such power that they trembled.

In an old cemetery at Richmond, beautified this year by the Church through agreement with the city, is the grave of Oliver Cowdery. Far West, headquarters of the Church in 1839, with a population of five thousand, now is sparsely-populated farmland. The temple site, on a farm owned by the Church, still has stones at the corners, placed there 112 years ago. It was from here that many Church members were driven into Illinois.

Adam-ondi-Ahman was viewed from a distance since no good roads afford access to the hilly area in which is located a thirty-acre Church-owned farm.

Nauvoo, Illinois, across the river northeast from Keokuk, Iowa, was the next gathering place of the Church. Now virtually a ghost town, it was visited by the tour group May 24.

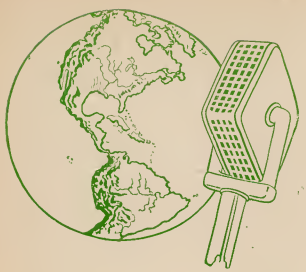
Some twenty-three miles distant is Carthage Jail, now a Church memorial. Bullet holes in the oaken door through which mobsters forced their way to murder the Prophet and Patriarch June 27, 1844, were seen and felt by the party. They also saw stains of the blood of the Patriarch Hyrum on the floor.

West of Nauvoo, tour members traveled along much of the trail traversed by their ancestors a century ago, stopping at the village of Garden Grove and pausing as near Mt. Pisgah as road conditions would permit.

They saw Council Bluffs, known in early Church history as Kanesville, and visited impressive Winter Quarters cemetery on the outskirts of Omaha, Nebraska. Pioneers buried six hundred of their dead in the area now graced by the magnificent sculpture, the work of Avard Fairbanks.

Fremont, Nebraska, in the fertile valley of the North Platte River was the scene May 22 of the dedication of a granite monolith marking the approximate site on the old Mormon trail where President Young organized the first company of Pioneers along military lines on April 17, 1847.

Independence Rock and Martin's Cove Handcart Company monument southwest of Casper, Wyoming were settings of Sunday services May 21.



Address presented as the "Church of the Air" sermon over Radio Station KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, June Conference Sunday, June 18, 1950, at 7:30 a.m., Mountain *Standard Time*

Church Of The Air

Learn Wisdom In Thy Youth

By Elbert R. Curtis
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT
Y. M. M. I. A.

THERE is an account of an ancient city which was encircled by the enemy for many days. Food supplies and water were successfully cut off. The suffering was great. The siege was so successful that the besieged sought for terms of surrender.

"Bring your wealth and your most priceless gems to the gate of the city tomorrow at sunrise," was the reply.

The morrow came; the gate was opened; and there marched out ahead of the city officials, their boys and their girls—truly, their most priceless gifts.

Fathers, mothers, church and civic leaders, indeed most thinking men and women everywhere, recognize the value of our youth and the need for, and the importance of, teaching them aright. We might well be concerned for their well-being, for in them rests all of our hopes and aspirations. In this blessed land of the United States of America emphasis has been placed upon spiritual values from the day the Pilgrim Fathers landed. These Pilgrim Fathers were well-acquainted with the proverb,

> Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it. (Proverbs 22:6.)

We, their descendants, in the days of our temporal prosperity are prone, in our getting, to overlook the acquiring of understanding, and particularly the getting of wisdom.

The same author of sacred literature said,

> Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. (*Ibid.*, 3:13.)

On nearly every hand we see examples of men who prove in their getting that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." (I Cor. 3:19.)

I recently read an editorial from one of the prominent newspapers of the nation, which named some of the individuals who were considered America's most successful men twenty-five years ago. The subsequent history of these ten men who were such powers in the financial and industrial world shows two bankrupts, one insane, one insolvent, two who have served time in prison, and three suicides.

The editorial says,

> These men knew how to make money and gain fame and influence, but they were so engrossed in their respective callings and activities that they never took the time to acquire the most fundamental and important knowledge of all. Obviously, not one of them mastered the knack of learning how to live.

To put it more simply, in their lust for getting the things of this world, they lost their sense of balance, and in the process lost God.

One of the challenging problems which confronts this nation and the world today is that of building in our young people a true understanding of life, a concept that life has meaning and is purposeful. This is not an easy task, for the forces which are pulling in the opposite direction are powerful and effective.

This challenge rests with the Church, and it cannot be met adequately without a program utilizing means which will attract our youth from the pleasures which are transitory toward pursuits based on lofty concepts of eternal truth, and which, therefore, bring lasting satisfaction.

I am pleased to represent today an organization which is charged with the responsibility of building in the hearts of the young a testimony of the divinity of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and all that it implies in daily living. This organization is known by the meaningful title of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and with it is a companion organization, the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association.

When these associations were formed some seventy-five years ago, President Brigham Young said:

> Organize yourselves into associations for mutual improvement. Let the keynote of your work be the establishment in the youth of an individual testimony of the truth and the development of the gifts within them; cultivating a knowledge and appreciation of the eternal principles of the great science of living.

These organizations are, therefore, auxiliaries to the priesthood of the Church and are as arms to assist in preparing young men and women to live and teach the gospel. The great object is to assist in equipping our youth for lives of usefulness and in fortifying them against the widespread unbelief and godlessness of the world about them.

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I wish that each of you might have been with me here on Temple Square in Salt Lake City during the past three days. From over the nation there have gathered more than ten thousand teachers of the young. They have come here for training and inspiration which will enable them to go back to their own communities and build boys and girls into men and women of God.

They have learned to become more effective teachers, not only of the philosophy of the gospel of Jesus Christ but also as leaders in recreation and cultural arts—dance, drama, speech, music.

Some of them also have sharpened their abilities as coaches of basketball, baseball, softball, volleyball, and tennis. A large school for scouting has also been conducted.

Why have we done all this? To enable these teachers of youth more capably to meet the objectives of this great program of the Church. And what are those objectives? One is that every boy and girl shall develop a personal testimony that God lives, and that he hears and answers prayer.

They are encouraged to participate in family and individual prayer —to know that wisdom and faith and strength come to those who seek the Lord—that prayer is a source of power all its own, a source for good which has been successfully tried and proved in the lives of countless men and women.

If we are to be a nation of God-fearing men and women, we must teach our youth an awareness of God. We must teach the eternal truth that every boy and girl is in very deed a son or daughter of our living Heavenly Father. The experience of the past has demonstrated the truthfulness of the Savior's words when he spoke in the temple at Jerusalem:

> My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me.
>
> If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself. (John 7:16-17.)

And so we are endeavoring to bring into the lives of our young people through prayer and reading and experience a nearness to the Lord, that they might call upon him and counsel with him in all their doings.

We have before us also the great objective of teaching virtue. As a part of our program we select an annual theme. This is developed through the year by means of cultural arts, through social activities, and by spiritual instruction. During the past year the theme has been:

> How glorious and near to the angels is youth that is clean; this youth has joy unspeakable here and eternal happiness hereafter. (From First Presidency, April 6, 1942.)

The Savior of the world promised that the pure in heart should see God. But what are our young people facing? In most cities it is difficult to walk down the street without being reminded of sex on every hand. The newsstands are flooded with sexy, racy literature. Much of our entertainment is built around salacious material which appeals to the baser instincts.

The Apostle Paul, writing to the Corinthians, said:

> Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?
>
> If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. (I Cor. 3:16-17.)

Nor in the light of this teaching can any young man or woman with impunity fill his or her body with substances which tend to weaken and destroy. The use of alcohol, tobacco, and other deleterious substances is hardly compatible with the belief that the body is the sacred temple of God. One would think that judgment alone would induce a man to treat his body with deference and respect, doing all within his power to build a healthy body, capable of carrying him through life without disease or suffering. A glance around is sufficient to see that many enslave themselves to habits which they must assuredly know will result in unhappiness in later life.

We want to teach our young people to understand that youth is the preparatory time for parenthood, and that parenthood is a partnership with God. I learned from the lips of my own sainted mother that "the reward of virtue is untainted parenthood."

And so in this great program for youth we are seeking to cultivate within them a consciousness that each of us is a child of God, that the body with which he has endowed us is a sacred tabernacle of the spirit, that virtue is a precious gift to be treasured, and that true happiness is incompatible with dissolute living. Such training, with appreciation for virtue, modesty, and chastity, gives a sweetness and purpose to life.

We are trying to carry on a great educational program for your young people that they might come in touch with the refining influences of life. You have just heard a chorus of more than a thousand of these young people. They are representative of many thousands over the Church who have learned to sing such anthems of praise to the Lord. In the cultivation of their talents they have found expression and association and gladness. Their lives have been enriched.

By means of the dance, drama, and public speaking, they have also found expression, and they have had a good time while doing so. We earnestly believe that the Lord delights to bless his children and have them happy. If these glorious young people of ours are to believe, if religion is to appeal to them, it must not be a matter of a long face, but of giving them rounded-out, joyful experiences. By the same token, the field of recreation is developed as an auxiliary to wor-

OLD-FASHIONED THINGS

By Mildred Goff

I like such old-fashioned things
As blue percale, wide apron strings,
Sweet William and forget-me-not,
Lavender and bergamot,
Apple trees and grapevine swings.
There's magic in these homely things.

Buttermilk and homemade bread,
Kittens in a pansy bed,
Candlelight and yellow roses,
Old photographs in formal poses
Take me back on memory's wings.
I like old-fashioned things.

ship, for we feel that all of the enjoyments of life are intended to increase our devotion to the Lord. And so we have been carrying on this great training program for the leaders of our youth, that they might inspire and teach in the wisdom of the Lord.

In harmony with this program, we have selected as the theme of our work for the coming year the ancient admonition: "Learn wisdom in thy youth; yea, learn in thy youth to keep the commandments of God." (Alma 37:35.)

It is a timely teaching in our present-day world, when there is so great a tendency to consider the wisdom of the Lord as foolishness. On every hand we see broken homes, heartaches, suffering, and misery, as a result of rash and thoughtless action on the part of men and women who have learned neither wisdom nor adherence to the commandments of God.

The records tell us that in 1946 over 108,000 young men under twenty-one were arrested for crimes serious enough to warrant fingerprinting. A visit to any state penal institution will reveal the majority of the inmates to be young men whose wasted bodies and twisted outlook on life are generally the result of failure to learn wisdom while young.

Religion, spirituality, and living near to God are not intended merely for those nearing the end of life's journey. The Lord glorifies in the faith, devotion, and service of the young; and youth, properly led, respond with gladness and devotion.

In this spirit we must accept the challenge of our time with a program for young people which will stir their souls to an appreciation for the rich heritage that is theirs and prepare them for the opportunities before them and, above all, implant in their hearts a testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ, that it might be an influence for good all the days of their lives.

May the Lord bless all who earnestly strive to serve him through serving his children, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



CHILDREN'S SUMMER READING

MR. DOODLE
(Sally Scott. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. 1947. 46 pages. $1.50.)

MR. Doodle was a puppy who tried earnestly to do the right thing, but found it difficult to understand the queer ways of people. Through the love of Peter, an eight-year-old boy who lived in town, and who was permitted to have the puppy on a week's trial, Mr. Doodle came to understand and to obey.

A lively story for youngsters, it is printed in large type and contains many amusing black and white drawings.—*D. L. G.*

BITTER SWEET
(Martha Barnhart Harper. Longmans, Green and Co., New York. 1948. 238 pages. $2.50.)

LUCY BARNHART assumed the big sister duties for seven young Pennsylvania farm children of Civil War days. She is so much fun—and just the kind of person it takes to soothe the hurt of eleven-year-old Joe, who was sent home with his drum from the enlistment center because of his age. Lucy's romantic inclinations are with a young reverend minister. —*A. L. Z., Jr.*

THE SMART LITTLE BOY AND HIS SMART LITTLE KITTY
(Louise Woodcock. Illustrated. William R. Scott, Inc., New York. 1947. 18 pages. $1.25.)

THIS entertaining story of Peter and his Kitty presents the philosophy of tolerance in such a manner that the very young can comprehend.

Peter's kitty could do things Peter couldn't do but wished he could, and Peter could do things the kitty couldn't —but the kitty didn't even care.—*D. L. G.*

ANABEL'S WINDOWS
(Agnes Danforth Hewes. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 1949. 240 pages. $2.50.)

A combination of author and artist such as this assures pleasurable readings for the seven to eleven-year olds. Added to this ideal combination is the fact that the book is really autobiographical—the story of the author herself, who as a little girl lived in Syria, when her parents had gone there to study and teach in a little hillside village in Lebanon. History comes to life in the Dare household as do geography and the folklore of this Biblical country. —*M. C. J.*

RIVER OF THE WOLVES
(Stephen W. Meader. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1948. 249 pages. $2.50.)

THIS out-of-doors adventure story begins in the backwoods country of Maine immediately before the French and Indian War. Dave Foster goes to live with an uncle; the uncle's farm is attacked by Indians, and Dave, as an Indian captive, learns the dangers and hardships of life in the Canadian wilderness.—*A. L. Z., Jr.*

DAVY OF THE EVERGLADES
(Written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore. William Morrow & Co., New York. 1949. 127 pages. $2.00.)

DAVY DALE lived with his parents and his little sister on the highway that led through the Everglades in Florida. Davy was allowed to go to the Glades if he would be sure to wear his high rubber boots. There he could pretend that he was an explorer, a zoo keeper, or a game warden. Davy's experiences in the Glades—and at the Seminole village—will make interesting reading for the six to ten-year-old group.—*M. C. J.*

BLACKIE AND HIS FAMILY
(Mary E. Cook, Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 69 pages. 1949. $2.00.)

MARY COOK has described the life of the California blackbird simply and effectively in this book. Printed in clear, large type and with many drawings, this book will supply young people with hours of entertainment as well as give them a valuable lesson on the life and habits of birds. —*E. J. M.*

DEBORAH'S WHITE WINTER
(Written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore. William Morrow & Co., New York. 1949. 124 pages. $2.00.)

SIX to ten-year olds will find interest in this story of Deborah and the Christmas play in which she was an angel, and of her skis and the snow carnival. It's a fun book for winter —and will put joy into the snowfall and the icy weather.—*M. C. J.*

HOOK AND LADDER NO. 3
(Bill and Bernard Martin. The Tell-Well Press, Inc., Kansas City, Missouri. 26 pages. $1.00.)

A PEPPY little tale of a hook-and-ladder fire truck that found a job to do even in Hackenberry, where the only tall building was fireproof. —*D. L. G.*

The House with the Swing

By Amy Bruner Almy

Ed Hunter watched the summer landscape unroll swiftly as the train bore him homeward. In less than a half-hour he would be with Emily, his wife. How often, in his three years in the navy, he had envisioned these stretching prairies! Not that he was a farmer. No, it was machinery that he loved most. His hands were always eager to fix and repair not only machinery but everything that required a deft hand to restore it to good condition.

Really, it was a bit of the outdoors that he wanted, a place where, after his day's work at the machine shop was over, he could tinker about in house and yard. No use, though, to think about that too seriously. Indeed, he had said too much to Emily about a suburban home. That was the only subject that had, at times, threatened their few years of happy married life. More than once, it had brought them very near to a serious quarrel. Only the good sense of both of them and their fondness of each other had prevented it. To be sure, it was he who had always yielded. Emily had invariably argued that it wouldn't be reasonable to wear himself out doing odd jobs after his hard day's work at the shop. "And as for that elm-tree swing that you're always talking about, Ed," she would say, "you're just going back to your childhood!"

Occasionally, when he and Emily had driven out into the country, they had passed houses, run-down from neglect rather than from age. Such places had always attracted him. He was certain that they could be bought quite reasonably. One such place he recalled in particular. He had noticed that there was a swing at the side of the story-and-a-half unpainted house.

"There, that's exactly the kind of house and acreage I'd like to buy," he had told Emily. "We could fix it up fine."

"No, no!" Emily had retorted. "I hate these shabby old places. It's that swing you must be daffy about. Anyway, if we ever do move out from town, it'll not be to such a dingy, ramshackle place as this. I don't see what we could ask better than our cozy apartment. No, no, Ed, I'll never come to such a place!"

Often, in these last three years, he had thought of this rundown, weathered house. And then he had thought of that swing, and that had led to his dreaming of his boyhood and his own elm-tree swing.

The train was slowing down. It stopped. There was Emily, waiting for him. It made him hold his breath, she was so pretty, so *just Emily*.

They were no sooner on the bus, than Emily announced happily that they were going on a picnic that very evening. Ed gave a tragic groan. "So soon? Why I've just got home!"

Three years in the navy, dreaming of a bit of outdoors he wanted, a place where, after his day's work at the machine shop was over, he could tinker about in house and yard.

"Do you really mind, Ed? It's only the three of us. Aunt Laura is going to stop for us in the car after office hours. Why, Ed, the picnic is in your honor, and we could hardly wait. There'll be fried chicken and a lot of other good things, too."

"Of course I don't mind, Emily, but you don't know how eager I've been to get home and stay there. We're lucky to have a home to come to, with all this housing shortage."

"I'll say we are!" Emily agreed.

Ed stood in the middle of the small living room and looked around him with satisfaction: the tiny gas fireplace, the bookcase, the red geranium on the stand, his easy chair, and through the door, a glimpse of the white, red-trimmed kitchen.

"You don't know how glad I am to be at home again," he said. He took Emily into his arms again. "So many times I've dreamed of home and you."

"Ed, dear," she whispered, clinging to him. "We're going to begin all over again, aren't we?"

With that, she released herself from his arms and ran into the kitchen to attend to the lunch. Because Ed always had an enormous appetite for Emily's food, he went to wash up in a hurry. He wanted to be ready for that picnic basket.

He sat down in his arm chair to wait. Yes, even if there wasn't any outdoors here, it was good—yet, he would like to be able to putter around—plant some bushes, perhaps—so many things he would like to do—

Emily was rousing him: "You've been asleep, dear. Aunt Laura's here."

Aunt Laura, who was more like an older sister than an aunt, greeted him affectionately: "Welcome home, Ed! You're a bit thin, but you'll soon get over that with Emily's care and good cooking."

"Yes, and when I'm working again—and I'm mighty lucky, too, to get my old job back. Now if I had a yard to fool around in—" No one was paying attention to him, which was a good thing, for he didn't want to start an argument about any run-down place in the outskirts.

They were soon driving east. The road was familiar to Ed, for it would take them past that place



Ed went over to examine the swing. It needed a new rope. That was sure. . . .

that he had taken such a fancy to just before he had left.

Why, Aunt Laura was turning into the driveway of that very house! "Oh, I say—you aren't coming in here!" he cried.

Emily laughed gaily: "Yes, why not? We decided to picnic out here because you were once so enthusiastic about it. The place has been sold, but as no one is living here at present, we can picnic in peace. Just imagine, Aunt Laura, anyone getting daft over such a ramshackle house as this! Such scrubby grounds, too. Ed said it had wonderful possibilities. We nearly quarreled about it."

Immediately Ed went exploring. A little later, joining the others, he exclaimed, "I should say there are possibilities here! Fixing, that's all it needs. See, I found these roses in a tangle of shrubbery down the slope. If the right kind of people were only living here—Why, if Emily were here, it wouldn't be long before we'd have one of the trimmest set-ups around. Give us, say, three years or so."

"I see you're the same old fixer, Ed! "Emily exclaimed. "But right now it's the 'eats' we're interested in. We'll put out things on this old rustic table—I hope it won't break down. Just sit down anyway and make yourself at home."

"I sure will. This is what I've been homesick for. Something like this." He soon became too engrossed in chicken and potato salad to talk.

"I guess you saw that swing again," Emily commented during a pause in the eating. "If it were under an elm tree you might feel more at home," she teased.

"Oh, an apple tree isn't so bad," he chuckled. "Neither are brown thrashers, for that matter." They listened. One of them was singing from the very top of a cottonwood.

They were through eating.

Ed went over to examine the swing. "Needs a new rope, that's sure. It's an old apple tree, but it looks as if it was good for a long time, yet." He picked one of the little hard apples. Wait till fall and there would be bushels of them. "Black Twigs, I guess they are."

"Ed!" Emily was calling. "Ed!" She was standing at the side door of the house, a bunch of keys in her hand.

"Ed, we're going into the house, now!"

"How's that?" he asked, joining her. "But— why?" He followed her across the threshold.

Emily's hand held his tightly. He couldn't speak. He could only stare. The sun was coming through the small-paned windows, sifting a mellow light over the stone fireplace and over the furniture, furniture that seemed oddly familiar to him.

"But, Emily, I don't understand—or do I? *Do* I?"

"Yes, Ed," she said softly. Her smile was wonderful. "This is our house, and the four acres around it. Ours," she repeated. "Our nest egg in the bank made the down payment, together with what we got when we sold our car. Our monthly payments will be the same as we are paying now for the apartment."

"Oh, Emily! You are the best wife in the world! You don't know what this is going to mean to me all my life."

"Don't try to tell me, dear." She went on then, in a matter-of-fact manner, "All the furniture in this room came from my old home. You know, it's been in storage ever since Mother died. There is a lot more of it, but this is the only room that Aunt Laura and I had time to fix up. There'll be time later on to attend to everything."

"Sure, plenty of time. I can hardly believe it, Emily. No wonder you wanted that picnic the very day I came home! Honestly, I was a little peeved to have to go. But shall we explore the rest of the house?" he asked, starting for the inner door.

Emily held him back for a moment: "You see, Ed, I got to thinking, more and more, of what this place might mean to you, and the more I thought about it, the more I knew that I wanted such a home myself. And Ed, if we should have children, and we will, even if we should have to adopt—"

Ed interrupted, "Why the children can have a lot of fun on that swing under the apple tree."

"By Their FRUITS..."

By Kathleen Dickenson Mellen



FORMER MISSION HOME AT LAIE.

In planning for the care and education of the people of the Trust Territories of the South Pacific, the American government has wisely chosen to utilize the services of anthropologists to insure the preservation of the best of the native cultures. It is now well recognized that within these ancient cultural patterns are to be found literary and historical treasures of great value to the world. It is further recognized that satisfactory development of the people themselves can evolve only out of the foundations of their own hereditary background.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints followed this advanced method of thinking a hundred years ago when establishing its first branch in the Hawaiian Islands.

Those who write of the Hawaiian scene invariably comment upon the successful work of the Latter-day Saints among the Hawaiians. The reason is easily found: from the beginning they dealt with the Hawaiians not in the condescending manner of superiors working with a "heathen race," but as fellow human beings who had merely evolved a different cultural pattern. Hawaiians were always given responsible positions within the Church.

This approach left the Hawaiian with his individual and racial pride intact, his self-respect unimpaired. And therein lies the keynote of the success of the Church. Instead of attempting to uproot all vestiges of the native culture, the Latter-day Saints, by sympathetic methods, have been able to produce a living faith, capable of growth and propagation. Therefore, it is not surprising that those Hawaiians who are perpetuating the ancient culture of their race are, almost without exception, members of the Church.

Arriving in Hawaii in 1850 when the morale of the Hawaiians was at low ebb, the Church gave them a religion which, like their own faith, harmonized with the land and the elements.

The Church bought six thousand acres of land at Laie (in 1865) and established a community in which the Hawaiians might return to the soil and live together under conditions favorable to the preservation of their own traditions and ideals. Realization that the Latter-day Saints looked upon the land itself not merely as a means of gaining wealth but also with a feeling of affection as had their own ancestors, won for them immediate Hawaiian respect and admiration. Thus Laie became a haven for Hawaiians who found there the traditional warmth of the ancient days and the comforting security of a well-patterned life.

The story of Laie can well be told through the life of one of its early leaders, Samuel Edwin Woolley,

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I came to the Hawaiian Islands from my home in Virginia in 1922. Becoming immediately interested in the Hawaiian people, I adopted a little Hawaiian homestead settlement called Papakolea and have since then been their "Mother Advisor."

It was there that I noted the beneficial effects of the L.D.S. religion on the lives of its members. In the words of Samuel Woolley; "I looked at their lives and knew that the Church was good."

My first book, *In a Hawaiian Valley*, was dedicated to the people of Papakolea. While writing my next book, *The Lonely Warrior*, which is the life of Kamehameha the Great, I was impressed by the similarity of the methods used by the Church in guiding the Hawaiians and those used by Kamehameha in training and developing his people to be healthy, good, and self-reliant citizens. It was for this reason that I suggested to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Woolley that I would like to write an article about the L.D.S. Church—as observed by a non-member.

—Kathleen Dickenson Mellen

who served as its head from 1895 to 1921. "He was our father to us," say the old Hawaiians. "He wanted us to be good and to be happy. We worked hard for him—but we sing and laugh while we work like in the days of Kamehameha."

They discovered that the Church attitude toward prayer was much like their own. Mr. Kekuku gave a story in illustration. "I remember my grandfather, before he put the taro top in the ground, would lift it toward the sky and say to God, 'The spirit of this is for you; the meat of it is for my grandson that he may grow strong and healthy to serve you.' Mr. Woolley liked us to do that, too, even if it took a little more time for the work. He always wanted us to be good people and to be happy and healthy. He would say to us, 'I want the world to look at you and to know from your lives that the Church is good.' "

Mr. Kekuku's eyes filled with tears; "He was our father. He always protect us and make us feel safe and happy inside."

Samuel Woolley ruled his little colony with a firm hand, but he filled the lives of the people with the kind of joyous expectancy in which Hawaiians revel. His sermons were pungent and personal. Glancing over a Sunday morning congregation, he would say, "If any of you left your houses unclean or the stock unfed, you must go home and attend to your duties. You cannot receive a message from the Lord if your house is dirty or if the cows and pigs are crying for food." Then he would pause.

And with painful reluctance, those who had left chores undone would file out of the building devastated by the thought of missing a thrilling sermon. The following Sunday would find them up and at work before dawn.

Mention of unweeded plots of land in a sermon would send the people scurrying to the fields to put their gardens in order. Or perhaps the sermon would be on health, beginning with, "I rode around Laie last night and saw several houses shut up tight. If you sleep with your windows closed, you will become sick; then you won't be able to lead full lives, get enjoyment, and do good work. Health is a part of religion. Taking care of your health is important, and it's *religion*, even if it isn't mentioned in the Bible."



He told them to wear flowers to church so they would feel happy—as God wanted them to feel. Thus, by working through many pathways Mr. Woolley developed a group of people who were healthy, happy, and self-reliant. They say, "Once you get the Mormon religion you have to live it to be worthy of it. Mr. Woolley made us so strong inside that we never lose it."

Ralph Edwin Woolley, son of Samuel, now is president of the Oahu Stake, which was formed from part of the mission in 1935. Although unalike in temperament, father and son hold alike the loyalty of their Church members. Samuel was a dynamic leader, loved and obeyed because of his zestful leadership. Ralph, gentler by nature, is loved and obeyed "because it would hurt his heart if we didn't."

Although Samuel Woolley had a scholarly knowledge of the Hawaiian language he customarily

(*Concluded on page* 666)



—*Courtesy Hawaii Visitors Bureau*

View of Honolulu from Punchbowl.

LEHI IN THE DESERT

By Hugh Nibley Ph. D.

VIII

Adventure in Jerusalem

Nephi and his brothers made two trips back to Jerusalem. The second was only to "the land of Jerusalem" to pick up Ishmael,[284] but the first was an exciting and dangerous assignment in the city itself. Though it was no mere raid, as we have seen, the men taking their tents with them and going quite openly, they were expecting trouble and drew lots to see who should go in to Laban. The story tells of hiding without the walls, daring exploits in the dark streets, mad pursuits, masquerading, desperate deeds, and bitter quarrels—a typical Oriental romance, you will say, but typical because such things actually do, and did, happen in Eastern cities. It has ever been a standard and conventional bit of gallantry for some Bedouin bravo with a price on his head to risk his life by walking right through a city in broad daylight, a very theatrical gesture but a thing which my Arab friends assure me has been done in real life a thousand times. It was while reading the Beni Hilal epic that the writer was first impressed by the close resemblance of the behavior of Lehi's sons on that quick trip to Jerusalem to that of the young braves of the Beni Hilal when they would visit a city under like circumstances.[285] The tales of the migrations of the 'Amer tribe have the same pattern—camping without the walls, drawing lots to see who would take a chance, sneaking into the city and making a getaway through the midnight streets[286]—it is all in the Book of Mormon and all quite authentic.

Thoroughly typical also is the hiding out of the young men in caves near the city while they waited for Laban's henchmen to cool off and debated with Oriental heat and passion, their next move. (I Nephi 3:27-28.) Since the *Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly* started to appear many years ago, its readers have been treated to a constant flow of official reports on newly-discovered caves in and near Jerusalem. The country is peppered with them; for the area southwest of the city, "it is difficult to give an account of the principal excavations of this type (caves) without appearing to use the language of exaggeration . . . to attempt a descriptive catalogue of these caves would be altogether futile, the mere labor of searching the hills for examples . . . would be almost endless."[287] Farther out, the Beit Jibrin area "contains an innumerable number of artificial caves,"[288] and the deserts of Tih and Moab swarm with them.[289] Many of these caves are younger than Lehi's time, but many are also older and have been used at all times as hiding places.[290] But who in America knew of these hiding places a hundred years ago?

The purpose of the first return trip to Jerusalem was the procuring of certain records which were written on bronze (the Book of Mormon like the Bible always uses "brass" for what we call bronze)[291] plates. Lehi had a dream in which he was commanded to get these records which, as he already knew, were kept at the house of one Laban. Nephi does not know exactly the reason for this and assumes, incorrectly, that the object is to "preserve unto our children the language of our fathers."[292] It is interesting that the Beni Hilal in setting out for their great trek felt it necessary to keep a record of their fathers and to add to it as they went, "so that the memory of it might remain for future generations."[293] The keeping of such a *daftar* was also known to other wandering tribes.

But what were the records doing at Laban's house, and who was Laban anyway?

For ages the cities of Palestine and Syria had been more or less under the rule of military governors, of native blood but, in theory at least, answerable to Egypt. "These commandants (called *rabis* in the Amarna letters) were subordinate to the city-princes (*chazan*), who commonly address them as 'Brother' or 'Father.'"[294] They were a sordid lot of careerists whose authority depended on constant deception and intrigue, though they regarded their offices as hereditary and sometimes styled themselves kings. In the Amarna letters we find these men raiding each other's caravans to build up their private fortunes, accusing each other of unpaid debts and broken promises, mutually denouncing each other as traitors to Egypt, and generally displaying the usual time-honored traits of the crooked high official in the East. The Lachish letters show that such men were still the lords of creation in Lehi's day—the commanders of the towns around Jerusalem were still acting in closest cooperation with Egypt in military matters, depending on the prestige of Egypt to bolster their corrupt power, and still behaving as groveling and unscrupulous timeservers.[295]

One of the main functions of local governors in the East has always been to hear petitions, and their established practice has ever been to rob the petitioners (or anyone else) wherever possible. The Eloquent Peasant story of fifteen centuries before Lehi and the innumerable Tales of the Qadis from fifteen centuries after him are all part of the same picture, and Laban fits into that picture as if it were drawn to set off his portrait.

. . . and Laman went in unto the house of Laban, and he talked with him as he sat in his house.

And he desired of Laban the records which were engraven upon the plates of



—Photograph by Adelbert Bartlett

MODERN-DAY HARVESTING IN MEGIDDO, PALESTINE.

brass, which contained the genealogy of my father.

And . . . Laban was angry, and thrust him out from his presence; and he would not that he should have the records. Wherefore, he said unto him: Behold thou art a robber, and I will slay thee.

But Laman fled out of his presence, and told the things which Laban had done, unto us. (I Nephi 3:11-13.)

Later the brothers returned to Laban laden with their family treasure, foolishly hoping to buy the plates from him. They might have known what would happen:

And it came to pass that when Laban saw our property, and that it was exceeding great, he did lust after it, insomuch that he thrust us out, and sent his servants to slay us, that he might obtain our property.

And it came to pass that we did flee before the servants of Laban, and we were obliged to leave behind our property, and it fell into the hands of Laban. (*Ibid.*, 3:25-26.)

Compare this with the now classic story of Wenamon's interview with the rapacious Zakar Baal of Byblos. The Egyptian entered the great man's house and "found him sitting in his upper chamber, leaning his back against a window," even as Laman accosted Laban "as he sat in his house." When his visitor desired of the merchant prince that he part with some cedar logs, the latter flew into a temper and accused him of being a thief ("Behold thou art a robber!" says Laban), demanding that he produce his credentials. Zakar Baal then "had the journal of his fathers brought in, and had them read it before him," from which it is plain that the important records of the city were actually stored at his house and kept on tablets. From this ancient "journal of his fathers" the prince proved to Wenamon that his ancestors had never taken orders from Egypt, and though the latter softened his host somewhat by reminding him that Ammon, the lord of the universe, rules over all kings, he was given a bad time by the ruler, who, with cynical politeness, offered to show him the graves of some other Egyptian envoys, whose mission had not been too successful; the negotiations being completed Zakar Baal, on a legal technicality, turned his guest over to the mercies of a pirate fleet lurking outside the harbor.[296] And all the while he smiled and bowed, for after all Wenamon was an Egyptian official, whereas Lehi's sons lost their bargaining power when they lost their fortune.

A few deft and telling touches resurrect the pompous Laban with photographic perfection. We learn in passing that he commanded a garrison of fifty, that he met in full ceremonial armor with "the elders of the Jews" for secret consultations by night, that he had control of a treasury, that he was of the old aristocracy, being a distant relative of Lehi himself, that he probably held his job because of his ancestors, since he hardly received it by merit, that his house was the storing place of very old records, that he was a large man, short-tempered, crafty, and dangerous, and in the bargain cruel, greedy, unscrupulous, weak, and given to drink. All of which makes him a *Rabu* to the life, the very model of an Oriental pasha. He is cut from the same cloth as the military governors of the Lachish letters: Jaush, "probably," according to J. W. Jack, "the military governor of this whole region, in control of the defenses along the western frontier of Judah, and an intermediary with the authorities in

(*Continued on following page*)

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Jerusalem. The author of the letters, Hoshaiah, was apparently the leader of the military company situated at some outpost near the main road from Jerusalem to the coast." His character is one of "fawning servility."[297]

As to the garrison of fifty, it seems pitifully small. It would have been just as easy for the author of I Nephi to have said "fifty thousand," and made it really impressive,[298] but the Book of Mormon is very headstrong in such matters. It has reason to be. The number fifty suits perfectly with the Amarna picture where the military forces are always so surprisingly small and a garrison of thirty to eighty men is thought adequate even for big towns; and this is still more strikingly vindicated in a letter of Nebuchadnezzar, Lehi's contemporary, wherein the great king orders: "As to the fifties who were under your command, those gone to the rear, or fugitives return to their ranks." Commenting on this, Offord says, "In these days it is interesting to note the indication here, that in the Babylonian army a platoon contained fifty men;"[299] also, we might add that it was called a "fifty,"—hence, "Laban with his fifty." (I Nephi 4:1.) In great wars the organization of opposing armies quickly becomes similar in all essential respects, since neither side can allow the other to overreach it, and in the struggle between Babylonia and Egypt, individuals and groups change sides with great frequency—then as now the world was burdened with a single standard type of military organization. Laban, like Hoshaiah of Lachish, had a single company of soldiers under him representing the permanent garrison, as against the "tens of thousands" he commanded in the field—it was not these latter but the "fifty" that frightened Laman and Lemuel; and like Jaush (who may even have been his successor) he kept in close touch with "the authorities in Jerusalem."

Returning by night in a third attempt to get the records, Nephi stumbled over the prostrate form of Laban, lying dead drunk in the deserted street. (*Ibid.*, 4:7.) The commander had been (so his servant later told Nephi) in conference with "the elders of the Jews . . . out by night among them" (*Ibid.*, 4:22), and was wearing his full-dress armor. There is a world of inference in this: we sense the gravity of the situation in Jerusalem, which "the elders" are still trying to conceal; we hear the suppressed excitement of Zoram's urgent talk as he and Nephi hastened through the streets to the city gates (*Ibid.*, 4:27), and from Zoram's willingness to change sides and leave the city, we can be sure that he, as Laban's secretary,[300] knew how badly things were going. From the Lachish letters it is clear that well-informed people were quite aware of the critical state of things at Jerusalem, even while the *sarim* were working with all their might to suppress every sign of criticism and disaffection. How could they take counsel to provide for the defense of the city and their own interests without exciting alarm or giving rise to general misgivings? The only way, of course, would be to hold their councils of war in secret. The Book of Mormon shows them doing just that.

With great reluctance, but urged persistently by "the voice of the Spirit," Nephi took Laban's own sword and cut off his head with it. This episode is viewed with horror and incredulity by people who approved and applauded the recent killing of far more innocent people than Laban by the armed youth of our own land.[301] The Book of Mormon is no more than the Bible confined to mild and pleasant episodes; it is for the most part a sad and grievous tale of human folly. No one seemed more disturbed by the unpleasant incident than Nephi himself, who took great pains to explain his position. (*Ibid.*, 4:10-18.) First he was "constrained by the Spirit" to kill Laban, but he said in his heart that he had never shed human blood and became sick at the thought: "I shrunk and would that I might not slay him." The Spirit spoke again, and to its promptings Nephi adds his own reasons:

> I also knew that he had sought to take away mine own life; yea, and he would not hearken unto the commandments of the Lord; and he also had taken away our property.

But this was still not enough; the Spirit spoke again, explaining the Lord's reasons and assuring Nephi that he would be in the right; to which Nephi appends yet more arguments of his own, remembering the promise that his people would prosper only by keeping the commandments of the Lord,

> and I also thought that they could not keep the commandments . . . save they should have the law.

which the worthless and criminal Laban alone kept them from having;

> And again. I knew that the Lord had delivered Laban into my hands for this cause. . . . *Therefore* I did obey the voice of the Spirit.

At long last Nephi finally did the deed, of which he is careful to clear himself, putting the responsibility for the whole thing on the Lord. If the Book of Mormon were a work of fiction, nothing would be easier than to have Laban already dead when Nephi found him or simply to omit an episode which obviously distressed the writer quite as much as it does the reader.

(*To be continued*)

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284I Ne. 7:2-5. The expression "*up* unto the house of Ishmael" sets the house apart by itself in the land of Jerusalem. They traveled "into the wilderness to go up to Jerusalem," which is a Semitic way of saying "through the wilderness in the direction of Jerusalem." The fact that this was a simple and uncomplicated mission at a time when things would have been hotter than ever in the city for the brethren, who on their former expedition were chased by Laban's police, implies that Ishmael, like Lehi, lived well out in the country.

285Margoliouth (*Arabs and Israelites*, p. 23) cites the Beni Hilal as illustrating migration even as early as the Exodus, and gives some rules also observed by Lehi's party (p. 24): "They do not migrate haphazardly . . ." but send out scouts, and before making a move are careful to determine the will of heaven: "various omens and auguries entered into the process. . . . If human beings are unchanged, it is likely that the emigrants would not at once lose all attachment to the tribes whence they had sprung. . . ."

286J. Dissard, "Les Migrations et les Vicissitudes de la Tribu des 'Amer," *Revue Biblique* N.S. II (1905) 411-416

287F. J. Bliss et al., *Excavation in Palestine* 1898-1900, p. 204

288*Id.*, p. 269

289*Survey of Western Palestine Special Papers*, I, 19ff

290Bliss, *op. cit.*, p. 266f. On the use of these caves as hiding places in ancient times, W. F. Birch, "Hiding places in Canaan," *PEFQ* 1884, pp. 61-70, also 1880, p. 235f and 1881, p. 323f

291While "brass" properly refers to any alloy of copper, "to distinguish alloys of copper and tin, the name BRONZE has recently been adopted," according to the *Oxford Dictionary*.

292As a matter of fact, that language was not

(*Continued on page 670*)



M.I.A. leaders who conducted the M.I.A. convention recently in Hawaii. Left to right, Judge William H. Reeder, General President Bertha S. Reeder, General Superintendent Elbert R. Curtis, and Sister Luceal R. Curtis

Mutual Convention In Hawaii

By Bertha S. Reeder

GENERAL PRESIDENT OF THE Y.W.M.I.A.

THE morning of April 19, 1950 proved to be a red-letter day in the lives of General Superintendent Elbert R. Curtis and his wife, Luceal R. Curtis; my husband, William H. Reeder, and me, for on that day we started for Hawaii to hold an M.I.A. convention in the Paradise of the Pacific.

The trip across the magnificent Pacific in the *S. S. Lurline* defies description. It was a restful trip, permitting enjoyment of the experiences that are too often overlooked in the hurry of modern-day living. The flying fish, the graceful albatross, dipping their wings into the water as they swooped down for food, the iridescent water itself—one minute sapphire, the next indigo—all fascinated us on our westward trip.

As we neared our destination, first one island then another appeared until in the distance we saw Diamond Head against a background of high mountains covered with vegetation. The mountains reminded us of the Green Mountains of Vermont where my husband and I presided over the New England Mission for five and a half years.

Boats came to meet the *Lurline*, and the natives sang their haunting Hawaiian songs as they presented everyone on the ship with beautiful flower leis. The native boys, wonderfully adept at swimming, dived into the water for the coins thrown into it by the tourists who thrilled at the agility of the Hawaiian lads.

The drive along the highways was indeed like a trip into fairyland. Stately trees and beautiful flowers garlanded the road. The homes have beautiful gardens, made lovely by the profusion of ferns, vines, and flowering plants. The Hawaiian hibiscus alone blooms in two thousand shapes and colors, ranging from pure white to the most vivid vermilion. But the hibiscus, beautiful as it is, must share its laurels with the night-blooming cereus, the jasmine, and the waxlike antherium, perfect in its exquisite beauty.

Varied as the flowers are in their color, beauty, and species, so are the people who inhabit the Hawaiian Islands. Seven nationalities mingle picturesquely on the streets of Honolulu as Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Koreans, Portuguese, Europeans of various countries through their individual garb add color to the already colorful islands.

Lei-day is a novel holiday for Hawaii, a day honoring the spirit of friendliness in a land where 365 days are devoted to laughter and the enjoyment of living. The *hukilau* offers one of the complete programs which the Hawaiians prepare for tourists, usually monthly; it begins with a thirty-five mile scenic drive over Nuuanu Pali to Laie Beach. Lei and lauhala weaving, poi pounding, and other crafts are exhibited. The *imu* (underground oven) is opened, and the pig of the *luau* (feast) served at lunch is removed. After luncheon, guests are entertained by fifty Samoan and Hawaiian dancers, all Latter-day Saints, and singers on the outdoor stage.

The atmosphere is one conducive to recreation, and the Mutual Improvement Associations are doing exceptional work—as are the other organizations of Oahu Stake, under the able leadership of President Ralph E. Woolley. Oahu Stake is composed of seven wards and five branches. The M.I.A. boards are fully organized and are carrying the Mutual program as it has been outlined

The recreational program of the Mutual has made many converts to the Church. League basketball, volleyball, tennis, swimming, and all kinds of outdoor sports are entered into with the keenest of interest. The young women as well as the young men enter into these activities; in addition, the young women have a stirring handicraft program.

(*Continued on page 670*)

TODAY'S Family

Burl Shepherd EDITOR

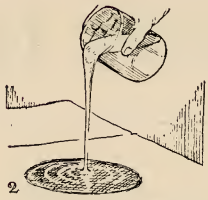
WHAT Do You Know About RAYON?

CINDERELLA'S fairy godmother had nothing on the modern chemist. He, too, can wave a "magic wand" to achieve delightful changes in milady's wardrobe. He can dress her up in wood pulp and cotton linters, amazingly transformed by the use of chemicals into beautiful fabrics which we know today as rayons! Satins, velvets, chiffons, taffetas, moirés, and some jerseys, all sleek and smooth to the touch—these are being made today from rayon.

To make other fabrics, the long fibers of rayon are cut into short lengths and spun into a yarn which is suitable for gabardine, shantung, crash, and other fabrics. These have good sewing properties because the slippery qualities of the yarn have been eliminated, and they are also more wrinkle repellent. Did you know that by using the same spinning and weaving machines as are used for wool, linen, or cotton, this rayon can be made into fabrics which remarkably resemble those of wool, linen, or cotton? That's why the shopper is often confused: It isn't easy to tell the difference between rayon gabardine and wool gabardine, or between rayon crash and linen crash, if no labels are present.



1 *Raw material for rayon is the cellulose from wood pulp or cotton linters.*



2 *Solid cellulose is reduced chemically to a sticky liquid.*



3 *This liquid is forced through tiny holes of a spinnerette in fine streams. These are hardened into "filaments" or strands of rayon, which are woven into yarn.*

Types of Rayon

There are two types of rayon in common use today, called "rayon" and "acetate rayon." The first (also known as viscose rayon) is a cool fabric, suitable for summer dresses, blouses, baby clothes, boys' shirts, and underclothes. Because it is absorbent, it is quite comfortable to the body in warm weather. It is not subject to gas fading, so may be purchased in blue shades without fear of its changing color; but it does not take a permanent moiré finish, and the shopper must watch for a guarantee in this regard, lest her pretty moiré disappear in

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WASH it and brush it and style it with care. The same tried and true prescription for hair care that has won the approval of beauty specialists for ages past is the rule today.

Our pioneer grandmothers probably sudsed their long locks with a strong cake of lye soap once every month or so and were glad to have that. But modern beauty preparations are not so harsh, and the emphasis is on liquid shampoos—even soapless ones. Liquid shampoos are more efficient than cake soaps, yet castile soap makes an excellent shampoo when dissolved in hot water. In favor of soapless shampoos, it must be said that they wash out more easily than soaps, as their ingredients do not allow a dull film of lime from the water to stick to the hair. Also, they are less irritating to a sensitive scalp.

Whichever preparation is used, it should be lathered on the hair twice during a shampoo and rinsed, after the last application, until all the film is gone and the hair

(*Continued on page 652*)

the first wash water. By putting a twist in the fiber before it is spun into yarn, the manufacturers have developed its creping qualities and thus cut down on wrinkling. Both *Bemberg* and *Aristocratic* are trade names of fine quality rayon crepes used in good rayon dresses.

Acetate rayon, in contrast to viscose rayon, is a warm fabric, not particularly suitable for fitted summer clothes because it does not absorb moisture readily. However, because of this factor it makes a good rainy-day dress, as it dries quickly. Also it can be used with satisfaction in shower curtains. The fibers of acetate rayon melt or fuse



together when heat is applied to it, making it a good fabric to use for permanent pleating, but necessitating that only a warm iron be used for pressing. It is because of this melting property that acetate rayon will take a permanent moiré finish, while others will not (the moiré design being melted into the fabric with heavy steam rollers). Acetate rayon has body and holds its shape well; in plain weaves it does not shrink; except in blue shades, which fade quickly by perspiration, it is good for linings because it does not readily absorb perspiration. In blue shades it is subject to gas fading unless especially finished to prevent such reaction. Crisp rayon fabrics usually contain acetate, while the softer ones are viscose rayon.

Would it be worth while, in buying a dress or sewing for the family, to be able to tell one rayon from another? Textile experts recommend that home-burning tests be made on all rayons purchased to determine their identity. The test is simply this: Take a few fibers of the fabric, twist them together, and apply a flame to one end. If the fibers burn with a flame, emitting a slight

(*Continued on following page*)

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Tang

THE PERFECT SALAD DRESSING

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT RAYON?

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

vinegar odor, and leaving a hard, black, brittle ash which does not crush easily, the fibers are acetate rayon. Another test consists of applying a drop of acetone to a piece of fabric, and if it becomes soft and sticky and then hardens as the acetone evaporates, acetate rayon is present. Acetone can be purchased at a drugstore.

Care of Rayons

Washing: In general, smooth, flat fabrics such as sharkskin will wash well, while crepes, because of their twisted-yarn composition, may shrink or stretch when wet. A very crepy crepe should always be dry-cleaned. Rayons are best washed in lukewarm, sudsy water without rubbing or wringing, rinsed in lukewarm water, and dried in the shade till only slightly damp; then they can be shaped and ironed on the wrong side. Rayons are more susceptible to alkali than cotton, and so only mild soaps should be used. Instructions given on the label for washing or dry-cleaning are important.

Bleaching: Rayon is naturally a white fiber and does not turn yellow; therefore, it needs no bleaching or bluing. Strong bleaches tend to weaken any fabric. Sunlight is a natural bleach and is hard on all colors, making it advisable to remove colored clothes from the line as soon as they are dry.

Drying: Rayons lose from twenty percent to sixty percent of their strength when wet and so require careful handling. Moisture should be squeezed from them, not wrung. Their original strength returns when they are completely dry, and it is best to allow twenty-four hours for drying before they are worn. They should not be allowed to freeze on the line or blow in a high wind. Knitted rayons, and those that should be ironed quite damp, may be rolled in a towel to dry sufficiently for ironing.

Ironing: Rayons should be ironed without pulling or stretching and ironed always *with the grain* of the material. Iron-shine on rayon fabrics is caused by:

1. Using a too-hot iron
2. Ironing on a skimpily-padded board
3. Ironing collars, plackets, and other-double-thickness sections on the right side without a press cloth over them.
4. Insufficient rinsing; soap left in the fabric may cause grease spots or stain.

Practically all rayons are more beautiful if ironed on the wrong side with a light, dry pressing cloth, on the order of cheesecloth. Following are ironing instructions regarding (a) dampness of the garment before ironing, and (b) iron temperature.

Rayon sharkskin (and other crisp rayons of the sharkskin family, as they usually contain acetate): evenly damp, ironing slowly with a warm iron on the wrong side.

Rayon jersey (usually contains acetate rayon): slightly damp, using a warm iron.

Heavy rayon satins: evenly damp, ironing till the fabric is dry. If heavier parts remain damp, hang on hanger to dry, then touch up on wrong side. Some satins require a warmer iron than others. Test the iron on a seam.

Washable rayon crepes (and lightweight satins): almost dry, with a moderately hot iron.

Heavier spun rayons (including gabardine, covert, flannel, butcher linen): slightly damp, with a hot iron.

Dress-weight spun rayons (including shantungs, broadcloth, novelty fabrics): dry, with a hot iron, and using a light pressing cloth.

Sheer, lawn-like rayons (blouses, baby clothes): almost dry, using a hot iron. A slight trace of dampness in the fabric before ironing gives a crisp finish.

HOSTESS

By Pauline Havard

Day held her door ajar for me;
Entranced, I stepped inside
Her gold-walled house of gracious charm.
The door stayed open wide
For other folk like me to find.
I stayed until Night's boughs
Were full of stars; reluctantly
I then left Day's bright house.
Still I had learned that lovely things
Occur before day's end,
And greet Day as a friend!



HAWAIIAN *Menus*

FROM Hawaiians and American friends of Hawaii come these tempting recipes which have been adapted for general use. Naturally, much of the goodness and flavor of these recipes is due to the use of such fresh foods as coconut and pineapple, which are usually available only where grown. We suggest the substitution of the canned product where necessary.

Recipes are from the files of Romania H. Woolley (wife of the Oahu Stake president, Ralph E. Woolley); Katherine Napoleon (former Y.W.M.I.A. president in Oahu Stake); and Ivy White (Salt Laker who filled a mission in Hawaii). The recipes are printed as received.

Pineapple Egg Nog

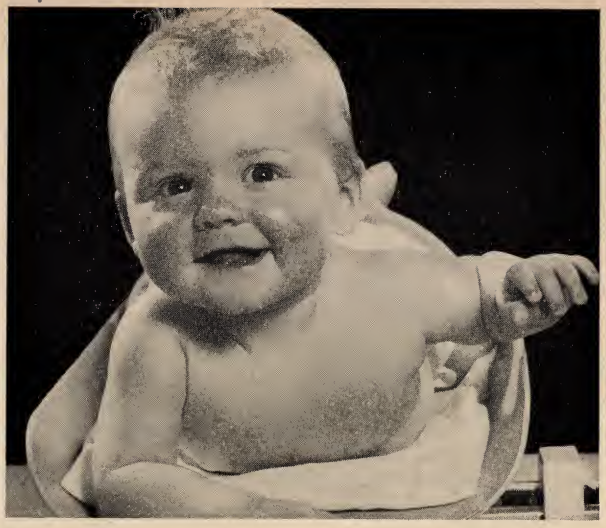
1 egg, separated
1 tablespoon sugar
Dash of salt
½ cup fresh pineapple juice
1 cup rich milk
Dash of nutmeg

Combine egg yolk with sugar and salt; whip until thick. Then add milk and pineapple juice. Fold in stiffly beaten white. Pour into tall glasses and sprinkle with nutmeg. (Half of a fully-ripe banana may be whipped in to give added nourishment and richness.)

Pineapple Fluff

1 egg white
1 teaspoon sugar

(*Continued on following page*)



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HAWAIIAN MENUS

(*Continued from preceding page*)

1 cup pineapple juice
Mint leaves

Add sugar to partially beaten egg white and beat till stiff. Pour pineapple juice into the egg mixture. Add mint leaves. Serve in glasses.

Coconut Custard

6 tablespoons cornstarch
4 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
2½ cups milk or 2 cups milk and

(*Continued on page 650*)

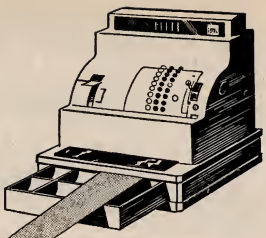
TOLERANCE
— and "Tolerance"

BY RICHARD L. EVANS

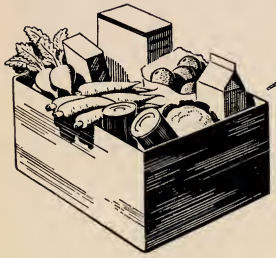
An honest and earnest tolerance is a wonderful quality of character. But like all other great virtues, tolerance can be abused. And the abuse of tolerance, or of any other virtue, may cause it to defeat its own end. With this in mind, may we turn our attention to a type of tolerance that is intolerable—the type of tolerance that doesn't distinguish between tolerance and indifference; the tolerance of the man who doesn't care enough to know, or know enough to care, whether or not he is sincerely tolerant or merely compromising his convictions; the tolerance of the man who has a reputation for tolerance because he lacks the sense of responsibility which would lead him to find out whether he is really tolerant, or simply asleep! We wouldn't want to live in a world without tolerance, but neither would we want to live in a world that had been taken over by a mistaken type of tolerance—a tolerance that didn't distinguish between conviction and compromise, between principle and politeness. Nor would we want the type of tolerance that looks lightly upon the factors and forces that weaken the foundations of freedom, nor the type of tolerance that looks lightly upon the prevalence of vice and of arrant evil. It is one thing to be tolerant, but it is quite another thing to let someone tear down the house over our heads. If a farmer neglects his fences and lets his fields of growing grain be trampled into the ground, would we say that he was tolerant, or would we find another name for what he was? If someone sworn to sustain and enforce the law were laxly to let the law be abused and broken, would we say that he was tolerant—or would we give it another name? If a person complacently permitted lawless intrusion upon his peace and privacy, or the robbing of his rights or of his property and possessions, would we say that he was tolerant—or would we give it another name? Again, we wouldn't want to live in a world without an honest and open and earnest tolerance. And certainly we would never want to tolerate intolerance. But neither would we want to tolerate the false type of so-called tolerance that countenances complacency, that encourages the compromising of principles, or that induces indolence or irresponsibility or downright dangerous indifference. That type of false tolerance is intolerable.

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"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, JUNE 4, 1950



Food stores that sell MORE



... anything in it for farm families?

SAFEWAY HAS BEEN BUSY improving its food stores — rebuilding and remodeling for even more convenient self-service food shopping.

The newer Safeways are better lighted, more spacious, and equipped to the last minute. Customers tell us they're a pleasure to walk into. And we know for a fact that *more people* are walking into them...

With our rebuilding and remodeling, each Safeway store today averages over four and a half times the sales in dollars that a Safeway store averaged 10 years ago.

This expansion in sales per store (and per employee also) results in money-savings.

Enough money is saved to more than offset the enormous increases that have taken place in labor and rebuilding costs (increases farmers know plenty about, too!).

While the dollar volume of our sales is naturally larger now than 10 years ago, due in part to increased food prices, this fact stands out: *These modernized stores of ours can operate for fewer pennies out of each food dollar spent in them than could our older Safeways.*

Safeway now distributes for smaller part of food dollar than 10 years ago

For all our retailing services on all farm crops, Safeway requires less than 14¢ out of the food dollar. This 14¢ is an average —some farm products require less than 14¢ per dollar of sales to handle, others more.

Such Safeway costs as wages, rents, taxes, displaying foods attractively and advertising them — plus Safeway's profit — are all covered by our 14¢ total requirement per food sales dollar.

How much *is* Safeway's profit? It amounted in 1949 to 1½¢ per dollar of sales at our stores.

Fourteen cents out of each dollar of sales is a considerably smaller cost than average for the jobs we do.

It is also a smaller part of the food dollar than Safeway required to perform its services 10 years ago. And one main reason is that — year by year — we've learned to operate more efficiently.

• • •

The Safeway idea of selling more food per store and per employee isn't ours alone. We are in free competition with many stores working toward the same end.

It seems to us that is good for everybody—for farmer, customer and store man alike. We invite you to test our ideas of how a store should be run by doing your food shopping at Safeway, where almost one-fifth of all customers are farm families.



SAFEWAY STORES



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LUMBERJACK SYRUP

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Special Morning Milk is the evaporated milk especially prepared for babies. It is recommended by many doctors because it is so safe, so easy to digest, and because it has extra vitamins A and D needed for sound bones and teeth. Ask your doctor about Special Morning Milk for that special baby of *yours*.



Special
MORNING MILK

HAWAIIAN MENUS

(*Continued from page 648*)

½ cup fresh coconut milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup freshly-ground coconut

Mix together until smooth, the cornstarch, sugar, salt, and ½ cup milk. Scald the remainder of the milk in top of double boiler. Pour a little of the scalded milk into the cornstarch mixture. Blend. Then add the cornstarch mixture to remaining milk. Stir until the mixture thickens. Cover, and cook 25 minutes. Cool. Add vanilla and mix well. Then add the coconut and pour into loaf pan or into individual molds. This makes a solid pudding that can be sliced or cut in squares and served with pineapple cubes. For a softer pudding, use half the amount of cornstarch suggested.

Coconut Cake

The Cake:

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
4 eggs
2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and sugar. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift the dry ingredients together three times. Add vanilla to the milk, then add milk and dry ingredients alternately in small amounts to first mixture, beating well. Bake in two layer tins in moderate oven (375°) for thirty minutes.

The Filling:

1 cup milk
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cornstarch
2 egg yolks
½ teaspoon butter
3 drops vanilla
Pinch of salt

Scald milk in top of double boiler. Mix sugar, cornstarch, and salt, and stir this mixture into the milk. Stir a bit of it into beaten egg yolks, then add the egg-yolk mixture to the milk mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Cool, and add butter and vanilla. Spread the custard between cake layers and sprinkle with coconut.

The Frosting:

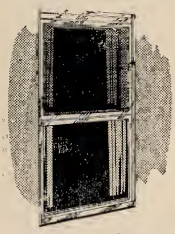
¼ cup pineapple juice

(*Concluded on page 652*)


What Makes a Good Jar of Jelly?
To get clear shimmering jellies that sparkle in the glass, you've got to combine . . . wholesome, ripe fruit with pure fine granulated sugar . . . possibly some fruit pectin, and a little of grandma's know-how. You'll get deliciously beautiful jellies that will win you prizes at the fair.
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HAWAIIAN MENUS

(*Concluded from page 650*)

¼ cup water
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
2 egg whites, beaten stiff
1 cup freshly-grated coconut

Cook the pineapple juice, water, sugar, and cream of tartar together until it spins a thread. Pour it slowly into beaten egg whites, beating constantly. Spread over top and sides of cake, and top generously with coconut.

Coconut Ice Cream

10 coconuts
4 cans condensed milk
4 pints whipping cream
Sugar to taste

Puncture the eyes of the coconuts with a nail, pour out the coconut milk and reserve it. Split the coconut shells and remove white meat in as large pieces as possible, then grate it on a fine grater or put through fine blade on food chopper. Heat coconut milk to boiling, pour it over the grated coconut meat and let stand one hour. Then squeeze the mixture through cheesecloth to make coconut cream. Discard the dry grated meat. Add coconut cream to the other ingredients, stir well, and freeze. This ice cream, say the contributors, is food for a king!

"Hawaiian-Style" Baked Bananas

1 lemon, juice only
1 orange
¼ lb. butter
1 cup brown sugar
½ cup unsweetened pineapple juice or orange juice
8 bananas

Peel bananas, cut in half, and place in buttered baking dish. Sprinkle them with lemon juice and grated orange rind. Slice the orange and place slices between the bananas. Mix together the butter, brown sugar, and fruit juice, and boil the mixture 5 minutes to make a syrup. Pour the syrup over the bananas and let stand 2 hours. Then bake one-half hour at 350° (moderate oven).

Hawaiian-Baked Sweet Potatoes

⅛ lb. butter
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup orange juice
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
Sweet potatoes

Wash and partially cook the sweet potatoes in as little water as possible. Trim off bruised and discolored parts, then cut in thick slices and place in buttered casserole. Cook the brown sugar, orange juice, rind, and butter together 5 minutes, and pour this syrup over sweet potatoes. Bake in moderate oven until tender.

Your Crowning Glory

(*Continued from page 644*)

squeaks when pulled between the finger tips. If using hard water and a soap shampoo, the final rinse may be made slightly acid to neutralize any remaining alkali from the soap. A tablespoon of vinegar in a quart of warm water is suggested. Lemon juice is a popular rinse also. It has a slight bleaching effect and is therefore preferred by blondes.

Sensitive skins may be protected during a shampoo by rubbing a small amount of cold cream or oil over the forehead, cheeks, temples, and ears before beginning the shampoo and leaving it on till the hair is nearly dry. This will prevent irritation. Contrary to popular opinion, frequent shampoos are not harmful to the hair and scalp; rather, they help to keep it healthy. The hair should be washed as often as necessary to keep it clean: oily hair oftener than dry hair.

Usually it is too little brushing and massaging which causes the hair to lose its luster, for this daily exercise for the hair and scalp is stimulating and healthful. Even a week of regular brushing will add life to the hair. It helps dry hair by stimulating the oil glands, and it helps oily hair by distributing the oil evenly and thus keeping it from clogging the hair follicles. The hair should be brushed upward and outward, away from the scalp. This is best accomplished with the head hanging down, either by bending over from the waist while standing up, or by lying with the head hanging over the edge of the bed. Massage can well be done from the same position, placing the fingers firmly on the scalp and rotating them gently so that the scalp moves. This activity wakes up the oil glands, loosens the scalp, and relaxes the nerves.

(*Concluded on page 654*)

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LOS ANGELES

YOUR CROWNING GLORY

(*Concluded from page 652*)

For Dry Hair. Hot oil treatments are good for dry hair, especially if the warm oil is applied a few hours before the shampoo and massaged into the scalp. Then, just before washing, it may be steamed in with a towel wrung out of hot water. A little brilliantine or pomade may be used as a hair dressing, but the best treatment is regular brushing, massage, and diet.

For Oily Hair. Bi-weekly shampoos are often necessary for oily hair, and an astringent hair tonic will help to keep the hair fluffy and bright. In cases of excess oiliness, a pinch of borax may be added to the regular shampoo to help dissolve grease, or a special shampoo for oily hair may be used. The diet should be steered away from sweets and starchy foods and should include six to eight glasses of water daily.

For Dandruff. A mild case of dandruff is not serious and may be helped by extra washings, careful rinsing, regular brushing, and good food. A stimulating, antiseptic scalp lotion applied after a shampoo and followed by a finger-tip massage is also helpful. A good lotion may be made at home by combining equal parts of rubbing alcohol, thin mineral oil, and cooled boiled water. Preparations sold as scalp foods or hair restorers are of little value, for each hair bulb is nourished by its own individual blood vessel, and the only way to feed the hair is through the food which is eaten and becomes a part of the bloodstream. One who has dandruff should cut down on acid-forming foods such as meat, bread, pastry, and candy, and correct any elimination faults. Drying the hair in the sunlight is a healthful procedure, but hair dryers should be avoided as they are drying to the scalp. The scalp should never be scraped with a brush or sharp-toothed comb. One home treatment for bad cases of dandruff consists of a salt pack made by dissolving a pound of salt in a quart of water and pouring it over the head after a shampoo. The pack should be left on for five minutes, then rinsed off. Since dandruff is a disorder of the sebaceous glands which supply natural oils to the scalp, it is better to see a physician for treatment of serious cases than to take chances with many commercial preparations which may aggravate rather than help the condition.

MADE IN HEAVEN

(*Concluded from page 626*)

familiar gesture and chuckled in the way old people do.

"Well, it's funny, but I did have a dream about your grandma. Yes, I'd been in Zion for almost two years, and I was engaged to a pretty nice girl back in England. But I was getting to the point where I wasn't so sure I wanted to send for her, so I prayed about it. A few nights later I had this dream. And you know, all there was to it was this face of a girl I had never seen before in my life. It certainly wasn't my fiancee." He paused for a little wave of amusement to subside. "But when I went to the station to meet the new group of Saints a couple of weeks later, there was the girl of my dream! It was your grandma, stepping off the train, and smiling right at me!"

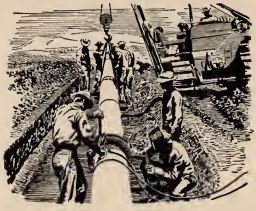
Grandma reached out and patted Grandpa's hand. He cleared his throat with a fond "humph."

"Well, I'll have to be going if I'm to make it through the canyon by morning." Uncle George rose, and there was a general flurry of departure.

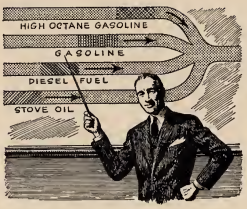
Grandma and Grandpa shut the door and went into the living room. It was dark now, but they did not turn on a light. They sat before the fire, he in his Morris chair, she in her rocker, holding hands, feeling the fulness of their lives together. They did not speak or move, for there was no need for it. They had come through fifty years of life with each other. It was good.

"Well, Jennie," Grandpa said, as he often did when they sat together. "Well, John," she answered. The ends of the logs in the fireplace nudged a little closer to each other; the fire blazed again cheerily and went on burning.

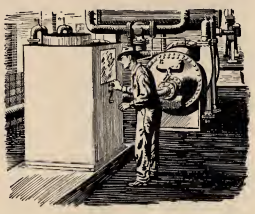
Standard develops peacetime use for atomic energy



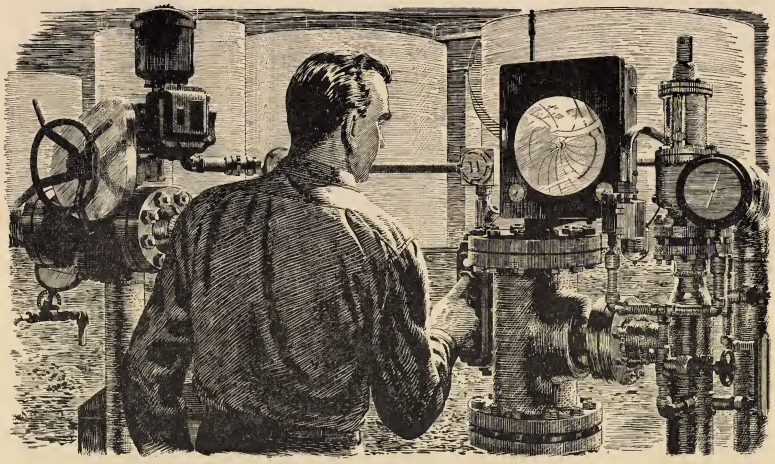
Salt Lake Pipe Line Company (a Standard Oil Company of California subsidiary) is completing a 566-mile pipe line between Salt Lake City and Pasco, Washington. The line will serve many points with a variety of petroleum products.



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Using a Geiger Counter, operators at the destination can tell exactly when the radioactive tracer arrives in the pipe...and they can switch the new stream of gasoline or oil into the proper tank. The radioactive tracer is so diluted in each batch of products that only the recording made by a Geiger Counter can tell you it's there. Its radioactivity will be far less than that of a luminous watch dial.

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The Man Who Almost Made It

BY RICHARD L EVANS

MUCH is said at this season concerning those who have successfully completed their academic objectives. But graduation has correctly come to be called commencement, for it is the very essence of life that the completion of one objective should mean the commencement of another. And both those who have graduated and those who have not still have unfulfilled purposes to pursue. And so we should like to say a word to those who are still struggling with the problems of preparation: It isn't unexpected that you should become discouraged at times. Everyone becomes weary with long effort. Almost everyone becomes irked when his wants and needs outrun his earnings and allowances. Preparing for a profession or preparing for anything worth while is a long pull, and almost any of us at times might be tempted to quit before we finish. But you had just as well know now that there isn't any easy way to any highly desirable destination. Anyone who reaches eminence, or even competence, in any endeavor has to make some considerable sacrifice. And it is a great day in the life of any boy or girl, or any man or woman, when he decides on some good goal—*and stays with it* in spite of any passing discouragement or inconvenience. When you arrive at where it is you want to go, it will seem as natural to you as having arrived at where you now are. And you'll be grateful that you didn't quit before you got there. You wouldn't want to be the man who just missed being what he might just as well have been. You'll want to set before your children, and before your family, an example of seeing things through. Family traditions are strong factors in shaping the future. And you wouldn't want to be the one to start a family tradition for quitting too soon. And so before you quit, ask yourself if it will ever be any easier; ask yourself if you'll ever be any younger. Before you quit, ask yourself if you're honestly going to be satisfied to spend all your life doing what you are now prepared to do. And if the answer is "No," hang on. Don't quit now. In the minds of others (and in our own minds also) there is much difference between the man who made it and the man who almost made it. Don't be the man who *almost* made it.

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Melchizedek Priesthood

PRESIDENTS OF PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

By President Levi Edgar Young
Of the First Council of the Seventy

Brethren, . . . this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before,

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. (Paul to the Philippians 3:13-14.)

You presidents of priesthood quorums have a noble spiritual design in building up a true moral character within your groups. An old proverb tells us that "a man is molded into the likeness of the lives that come nearest to him." Goodness creates an atmosphere for other souls to be good. These are the things that lie at the foundation of brotherhood, striving after the same high purposes. You can never feel very safe with a man whose humor tends to bitter speaking, or a man who is given to hasty speech. There are more breaches of peace among friends through the sins of speech than from any other cause. In the book of Ecclesiastes we find these words:

Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor.

For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow. (Ecclesiastes 4:9-10.)

You brethren feel that to teach and to be taught is one of the happy things of life. To have purpose is to have vision. You will plan for your brethren, and your meetings every Sunday with your quorums will be for the discussion of questions pertaining to religion and other subjects that will build you up in the faith. You will speak of things you have read about, and you will soon discover that you are growing in knowledge of the events of the day. Sometimes you feel that your class instruction has become stereotyped, run into grooves, and is uninteresting. This is why brethren often refuse to go to meeting. All this is rectified by having a good class teacher to direct the lessons taken up by the quorum. Think and reflect on the many direct and definite teachings given in Holy Writ. For example: ". . . therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." (I Cor. 6:20.) See that you have good organization in your quorum: a good secretary, a good teacher, a growing feeling that you must be in attendance at your meetings every Sunday. Your principal meeting comes monthly. You meet with all the members of the quorum and discuss your problems and engage in a discussion of the lesson. Remember that you have plenty of time; you are not to be disturbed in your deliberations; at the close of the hour of your sessions you should part with a fine feeling of brotherhood. *You will do right because it is right.*

In the early days of the Church, the Prophet Joseph Smith organized a School of the Prophets. As members, there were men who had little schooling, but they filled their minds with knowledge and became conversant with the truths of religion and the general trend of events of the day. From their writings and public addresses as we find them in the earliest publications of the Church, they had effective memories for the truths of scripture and the revelations of the Lord. In your quorum group you can form a concept of what good government should be, a government based on cooperative intelligence, good will, and noble loves. You can only direct your brethren as you direct yourselves. Gather your brethren about you to teach and be taught.

When you feel that you have need of some brethren to join your ranks from the other quorums, go to your stake president and lay the matter before him. He will cooperate with you and soon your quorum can have an addition of new members whom you may welcome and help in every way possible. Three things we would particularly impress upon your minds are: have your council or presidency meetings as often as possible; devise means to keep up the quorum interest; and make of it a closely knit brotherhood by a growing faith in God and the glory of each other's love.

EVERY MONTH, A QUORUM MEETING

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.

Phillips Brooks

The regular monthly meetings of the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums have become a tradition in all the stakes of Zion. In the early days of the Church, presidents of quorums called their members from afar to be present in meetings which were considered all-important, for the presidents realized the necessity of coming together that they might renew their confidence in one another and enter upon a new and larger existence with understanding and mutual good will. They listened to one another's experiences and exchanged views on the vital problems of the day. They learned how to live by work and by genuine useful social labor. They have left us a fine lesson. They worked in a right spirit and to a right end. They had a dominant purpose, comprehensive of all human needs. They had purpose, and to have purpose is to have vision.

On March 8, 1855 Truman O. Angell, the architect of the Salt Lake Temple, issued a call through the columns of *The Deseret News* and by letter for all members of the 14th Quorum of Seventies to meet at his home. It reads:

LOOK HERE

The members of the 14th Quorum of Seventies are requested to meet at the house of T. O. Angell, on the evening of the 6th of April, at 6 o'clock precisely; and as there are matters of importance to be settled, a punctual attendance is expected. The members scattered abroad

are requested to report themselves, at least, once a year, in writing, and also to send in their genealogy if they have not previously done so. We wish to know the standing of every member of the quorum, and those who do not report themselves may expect to be dropped and their places supplied by others.

Direct (post paid) to EDWIN RUSHTON, Clerk of 14th Quorum, G. S. L. City.

Herein is an example of fine cooperation. The brethren had a noble purpose in view, and at times were compelled to travel long distances to be at their meetings. There was a unifying purpose and all participated in the discussions and each member felt himself equipped to speak in his own way for a purpose which all should share. The presidencies kept in touch with subjects were assigned at the close of meetings which were to be taken up at subsequent meetings. It is interesting to read the old records and minute books to see what was done. It seems that faith in the gospel issued in creative action, for we read that brethren were to prepare subjects from the four standard Church works, and encouragement was given to attend lectures in the meetinghouses on stated occasions. It is interesting to note that in 1870, John W. Powell, the famous explorer of the Colorado River, lectured to the priesthood of the 13th Ward of Salt Lake City, and thrilled the congregation by relating his varied experiences and narrow escapes from death.

It must always be remembered that a meeting is only helpful as its members are given an incentive to live better lives and to look to the future every day. "Man's deepest need today is not food and clothing and shelter, important as they are. It is God." The primary step is a holy life, transformed and radiant in the glory of God. It would be a fine thing if at the close of every Sunday meeting, the members would leave with the thirteen Articles of Faith or parts of the Sermon on the Mount directing their purposes during the entire week before them.—*L. E. Y.*

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CAN NOTHING WAKEN US?

THE consumption of all alcoholic beverages has increased 154%, from 8.37 gallons per capita in 1934 to 21.25 gallons in 1949 (fiscal years), while the expenditure for these intoxicants has increased 323%, from $2,080,000,000 in 1934 to $8,800,000,000 in the calendar year 1948 (latest available).

As measured in terms of absolute alcohol, the amount of such alcohol consumed in the various intoxicating beverages has increased from 0.58 gallons per capita in the first year of repeal to 1.64 gallons in 1949. Beer consumption has increased from 7.90 gallons to 18.58 in the same period, but this increase in beer drinking has not prevented an increase in the consumption of distilled spirits from .33 to 1.21 gallons per capita in the same years.

The latest official data released by the Bureau of Census and the Department of Commerce show:

A 266% increase in dependent families from 1932 to 1947

A 32% increase in the F.B.I. record of violent crime rate

A 52% increase in women sentenced to federal prisons

A 73% increase in hospital admissions of alcoholics without psychosis

A 272% increase in the number of dependent children in the U.S.A., from 270,000 in 1933 to 1,006,000 in 1947.

F.B.I. reports show that the crime rate in the United States for all reported offenses listed by the Uniform Crime Reports has increased nearly fivefold in the years since repeal. That is, the rate for all these reported offenses has increased from 6,639 per 100,000 in 1933, to 30,110.04 per 100,000 in 1948. The arrests for drunkenness alone have increased from 1,490.1 per 100,000 in 1933 to 2,492.3 per 100,000 in 1949—1.7 times.

These official records sharply contradict liquor advertising statements.

We fight infantile paralysis and heart disease; and so we ought. We suppress immediately the sale of germ-infested milk or impure water. The appearance of a single case of smallpox is a signal for mass inoculation. We insist upon health examinations for handlers of food. But the handlers of intoxicating drinks are in a different category: they are favored destroyers. "Let them continue" is the general public attitude. Many of our people are complacently indifferent, while destruction is eating at the very heart of what is best in American life. When will the members of their quorums, and we awake to the truth of our condition?

—*The American Issue*

AIN'T WOMEN FUNNY?

What I can't understand is how some women will go to a beauty parlor to have themselves made as attractive as possible, wear fine clothes in the latest styles to create the best impression, and then spoil it by making themselves offensive smoking cigarets and drinking cocktails.

—*The Australian Temperance Advocate*

WHY DRINK?

This is really a challenging question, but not so regarded by many people who indulge in liquor consumption; for they give little or no thought to why they drink. It is just a matter of environment—"When in Rome, do as Rome does."

One of the finest, if not the finest, of all human arts is the art of living agreeably with our fellow men. Erroneously, some people act as if they believed such living requires them to participate in doing what the others are doing. But this is certainly not true if participation requires a departure from one's moral or religious standards. In fact, to depart from these to win favor usually has the opposite effect—to lose rather than win respect, especially the respect of worth-while people. A little reflection will convince any thoughtful person of the truth of this statement. This is a fact that well might be burned into the minds and hearts of young people, especially those who accept the Word of Wisdom as a divine revelation.

Many factual illustrations might be given of the foolishness of failure to live in harmony with one's moral and religious standards, with the teachings of the Word of Wisdom, for example,

(*Continued on page 663*)

Aaronic Priesthood

Emphasizing The Personal Visit

He is one of the most consistently faithful Aaronic Priesthood advisers we know. Therefore, the following statement, made in the Presiding Bishop's Office, should carry considerable weight with his fellow advisers throughout the Church:

Nothing pays off like visiting a boy in his home. You simply cannot do your job as it really should be done unless you know the boy in his home as well as in the quorum meeting.

You often do so much more good than you thought was possible when you put yourself out to call on the lad. It is a real thrill to meet an anxious father, or a hopeful mother, or both, who consider it almost an answer to their hearts' desires and their prayers that you called on their son—and that you keep on calling until you get their boy to follow your leadership and to become active in the Church.

The personal call is the greatest thrill of all my experiences as an Aaronic Priesthood quorum adviser.

Who is he? Well, we published a photograph of his deacons' quorum and gave an account of his record on this page in The Improvement Era for July. He is Harry M. DeRyke. If you are interested in what can be done for boys, go back and read his record; look it over, but don't overlook it.

We bring Brother DeRyke into this page again because of his striking views on the place and the effect of the personal visit between the adviser and the boy in the Aaronic Priesthood program. His attitude is commendable. We hope its contagion reaches into every corner of the Church where there is room for improvement in this feature of our work.

Explaining The New Ward Aaronic Priesthood Committee Meeting

The full time of the monthly meeting, which used to be the ward youth leadership meeting, is now to be occupied as the ward Aaronic Priesthood committee meeting. This change is the result of the recent transfer of the Latter-day Saint girls program to the Y.W.M.I.A., which took all leaders of girls out of the ward youth leadership meeting.

In keeping with the change, the ward Aaronic Priesthood committee meeting will henceforth be devoted entirely to a consideration of Church programs for young men twelve to twenty-one and of the status of each boy in the respective programs.

Leaders expected to attend the ward Aaronic Priesthood committee meeting each month, in addition to the bishopric, are as follows: Aaronic Priesthood general secretary and quorum advisers to priests, teachers, and deacons; Sunday School teachers of The Gospel Message, Advanced Senior, Senior, Advanced Junior, and Junior classes; Y.M.M.I.A. M-Men leader, Junior M-Men leader; Explorer Post adviser, assistant Explorer Post adviser, Scoutmaster, and assistant Scoutmaster.

The ward Aaronic Priesthood committee meeting is to be held each month under the personal direction of the bishop and his counselors.

Until a new Aaronic Priesthood *Handbook* is issued, bishops will modify the order of business for parts one and two of the ward youth leadership meeting found in the current edition of the handbook to make it apply to full-time consideration of the activities and records of Aaronic Priesthood members and those of Aaronic Priesthood ages not yet ordained.

We cherish the hope that stake and ward leaders will now give new emphasis to this meeting each month and devote their energies to making it really worth while. The meeting is in the program to stay, and the sooner ward bishoprics realize this and conduct the meeting each month, that much sooner shall we all see why it is in the program—to stay.

Stakes With Incomplete Reports Not To Be Listed Among Church Leaders

It has been decided that to deserve a position among the twenty-five leaders in Aaronic Priesthood work, or the program for adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood, or ward teaching, a stake (1) must have a report from every ward and branch for the month, and (2) the stake report must reach the Presiding Bishop's Office on or before the twentieth of the succeeding month.

In their respective handbooks, stake secretaries in these three programs are urged to complete their stake reports and place them in the mail on or before the fifteenth of the month. If these instructions are faithfully followed, no stake will be left out because of a late report.

We emphasize the "on or before" in the above recommendation. Stakes should calculate the number of days required between mailing and delivery dates and be governed accordingly in the mailing of their stake reports.



UINTAH STAKE (UTAH) YOUTH CHORUS of forty-eight voices presented an evening of music, "Memories in Melody," which netted one hundred dollars for the building fund of the new, and recently dedicated, Glines Ward chapel.

The chorus has sung at quarterly conference, stake Gold and Green Ball, missionary testimonials, sacrament meetings, Christmas programs, and other special meetings, according to Theda Murray, director. Darla Dean Fletcher and Vonda Lee Curtis are assistant directors; Enid Cook is accompanist.

Bishopric's Page

Prepared by Lee A. Palmer

My New-Found Blessings

(Excerpts from an address by Kenneth R. Bailey, Jr., representing the adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood in a recent quarterly conference of the San Juan Stake attended by Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards.)

AFTER thinking about this subject for a few days, I came to this conclusion—the blessings I now receive from doing the Lord's work are not entirely new. But thinking about them and analyzing them has made me more aware that they do exist, and I feel that I appreciate them more. Therefore, I might say that the blessings I have always thoughtlessly enjoyed are new-found.

I think the greatest of these blessings is the peace of mind I feel when I know I am taking advantage of the duties and opportunities which are mine as a member of this Church.

I appreciate the blessings of the Holy Ghost in guiding and directing my thoughts and actions. It has been my experience that when I heed these promptings, the Spirit grows stronger in aiding me to overcome my failings.

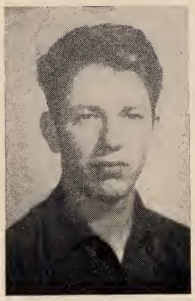
As a ward teacher, I have observed the family unity and harmony which prevail in many of the homes I have visited, and it creates a desire within me to have these things prevail in my own home.

I have received many blessings from paying my tithing. It has helped me to develop self-mastery instead of self-love and selfishness. Paying an honest tithe is helping me to overcome many barriers to eternal happiness.

I have been especially blessed by keeping the Word of Wisdom. I enjoy a clear mind and a more healthy body by doing so.

I am also thankful for the exercise of my own free agency. This fundamental law will enable me to progress as far and as fast as I choose.

I sincerely believe that by constant study and labor my testimony will be



KENNETH R. BAILEY, JR.

strengthened, that religion in my life will act as a balance wheel; that I may be able to fulfil my mission on earth with honor to myself, my family, and my Church.

Award Records for 1949

During the first six months of 1950, the Presiding Bishopric approved 799 Standard Quorum Awards and 12,811 Individual Certificates of Award for Aaronic Priesthood members for the year 1949.

Challenging Record



BILLY E. NELSON

Billy is a teacher in the Price Third Ward, Carbon (Utah) Stake, and is rolling up a challenging record.

For more than two years he has had a perfect attendance record at priesthood meeting, sacrament meeting, and Sunday School. Only three M.I.A. meetings kept him from a perfect record in this activity also.

At the age of fifteen, Billy is a Life Scout and has but one more merit badge to earn before becoming an Eagle Scout.

Ward Teaching

Dangers Of Illusions

ALMOST everyone has experienced an optical illusion. It is an arrangement of lines, figures, or objects which deceive the eye to the point where perception presents a distortion of facts. Optical illusions may be fascinating, but they are deceptive. Illusions, whether optical or otherwise, are not to be relied upon.

It is not unusual for illusions to creep into Church activities without being recognized. Ward leaders sometimes labor in a state of misconception because of these delusions, losing sight of the real objectives; for example: The ward teachers may consistently visit an average of seventy-five percent of the families in the ward each month. The percentage figure stands out on the report because it is fifteen percent above the stake average; it appears even better when compared with the Church average.

Here is one of the dangers of an illusion. Because our ward excels in the stake and surpasses the Church average, some of us become self-satisfied. The incentive to improve is lost, and only sufficient effort is put forth to maintain our position.

Let us analyze more of the dangers involved. Assuming the ward has a membership of one thousand, consisting of 250 families, this means that sixty-two families, or 250 members, are neglected each month. Viewing our accomplishments from this angle is a serious blow to our pride in them.

When the Lord said, "See that all the members do their duty," he excluded no one. Until we reach that high ideal in ward teaching, the Lord's standard, no ward leader or ward teacher should be satisfied with anything less than one hundred percent, giving as much attention to quality as to quantity.

EAST RIGBY (IDAHO) STAKE YOUTH CHORUS AT THE CLOSE OF A SESSION OF QUARTERLY CONFERENCE
Each of the eleven wards in the stake is represented in the chorus.



A Basic Library of L.D.S. Books

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* * * *

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Doctrine and Covenants	$1.50
Triple Combination	
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Combination Reference	$.75
Essentials in Church History	$2.75
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(*Continued from page 659*)

by those who accept these teachings as divine. Failure to live these teachings in order to win popularity is usually ascribed to hypocrisy or weakness—unbelief in the teachings, or a lack of moral courage to live them. To be considered a hypocrite or a weakling is always hurtful to the individual concerned. Here is one illustration to the point:

Many years ago, Simon Bamberger, remembered as governor of Utah 1917-1921, told the writer that he served as personnel manager of the Bamberger Companies. "We like to hire "returned L.D.S. missionaries," he said, "because they have had a splendid training in the art of getting along with people. We don't want to offend our patrons." But before being hired, the missionary was tested. The company gave a dinner annually to its permanent employees. At these banquets, coffee, liquor cocktails, and "smokes" were served. On an occasion of this kind when friendliness, jollity, and real enjoyment were in order, sometimes the missionary would not dampen the fun by totally abstaining—he would at least take a few sips from the wineglass, make a few draws on the cigaret—enough to show he was a good fellow, that he did not condemn his associates for their indulgence. Thus did Mr. Bamberger tempt the prospective employee. But if the latter ever admitted he would indulge a little on such an occasion for the sake of friendship and fellowship, he never became a Bamberger employee. "Why?" I asked. The reply was that these companies did not want a hypocrite or a weakling in their employ. Mr. Bamberger used the Word of Wisdom as a means of determining whether the prospective employee had the moral courage to live as he had been taught.

Many other similar examples could be given. Worth-while people do admire the courage shown when loyalty to high moral principles and standards is maintained.

Again we ask, why drink? There is a potential danger in drinking that is rarely suspected, yet it is very real. Careful investigators have found that about one person out of every sixteen who takes his first glass becomes an alcoholic—a person who cannot control his drinking. This is six percent—a frightful mortality. Yet "alcoholism is the most painful disease known to man," so declared Mrs. Marty Mann, a recovered alcoholic, and Executive Director, National Committee for Education on Alcoholism.

Do you have your copy of the new travel booklet

"HIGHWAY ADVENTURES?"



THIS new edition offers page after page of suggestions on places to go. It's the most complete volume yet published on the attractions of the intermountain area. A copy is yours for the asking. Just drive in to your nearest Utoco dealer and ask for one.

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A VISIT TO ROYALTY

(*Continued from page 628*)

that she and Matthew did not dread the visit. They knew the race to be more sociable than aristocratic. She said that though the king and queen were blessed with means, and with a title that made them powerful in command, what they knew about royalty, they had copied from other royal heads. The life of the Hawaiian kings and queens was anciently "quite different from what it is today," she wrote.

At nine in the morning the Noalls left their cottage and were soon escorted through a massive iron door at the palace grounds. A native soldier allowed them to pass. As she entered, Libbie was amazed. She wrote that the sights of interest were too many for her to take in at one time without being considered "ill-behaved."

"Here and there a prisoner could be seen at work, keeping the beautiful gardens and walks in repare [sic]," she recorded. "We were conducted to the underground part of the building. . . . There we met the Tresurer [sic] who announced that the Queen and Mrs. Dominas, the King's Sister, were in the 'Blue Room!'" Libbie wrote that only "very high-toned people were nowadays permitted in this reception room, the finest in the palace, and then only on special occasions." The visitors went up a long flight of stairs, the outside of which looked "seaward." The queen and Lady Dominas rose to receive them when they were presented by the treasurer—after which they were asked to be seated.

At this moment the king entered, and all rose to greet him. Dressed entirely in white, he stepped forward to shake hands with Matthew and Libbie. Once more all were seated. Libbie wrote that the queen was wearing blue satin, "to suit the room, a heavy pair of gold bracelets, a large round pin (. . . now the style), a lei of yellow feathers, the national kind. Her hair was done high, as is customary now, . . . her glasses were gracefully catched [sic] to her bosom, she sat on a beautiful sopha [sic] of figured blue velvet. Lady Dominas was in white, . . . and wearing a lei similar to the Queen's."

Libbie described the gorgeous blue room, which has been carefully preserved to the present day. She noted a tinge of blue on everything, as each large window, opening like a door onto a large piazza, was hung with navy blue velvet curtains. The furniture was upholstered with the same material, which was marked with a deeply sculptured figure. In the center of the room stood a "cushioned stool of peculiar shape. Its purpose, I do not know," wrote Libby. She then described the deep-piled carpet, of lighter blue than the other furnishings and flowered in pink. She said it stopped short of the walls and revealed the highly polished floor. She also noted the exquisite calabashes, whose strands were of koa wood. "The variety and shape of this woodwork as well as the magnificent polish would be impossible to describe. I noticed three beautifully ornamented bands of gold around the Calabash," she continued.

When the king opened his gift, he found "some very beautiful

HOMELAND

By Josephine Harvey

THE lamp that is lifted "beside the golden door"
Is more than a symbol of home to me.

I have watched ocean waves splash on the shore,
Gulls rising and dipping over the sea.
I have stood in the desert where the warm winds blow,
Entranced by its mystical beauty.

There are times when I feel a deep longing to go
Where my life is not bound by a duty.

But my roots go deep like those of a tree,
For I am a child of the mountain land.
I claim the wind-swept hills, yet I am ever free
To love the ocean spray or the desert sand.

Like others, I have looked through tears to see
The torch that flings a light across the land.

formations taken from the bottom of Salt Lake, also the photo of Brother Lambert and wife," Libbie continued in her journal. The king thanked Matthew for this gift. When he inquired about the L.D.S. temple in Salt Lake City, Matthew took advantage of this opening to inform the royal family of some of the Latter-day Saint beliefs. He gave the king a copy of the Articles of Faith.

With the termination of this visit. neither Matthew nor Libbie expected to see their majesties again. Their release from the mission soon came. In Salt Lake City a son was born to them—the first child born in the "bride's house." He was hardly more than a baby when Matthew and Libbie returned to the islands as missionaries. This time Matthew was to serve as president, the youngest man in the Church to hold such office.

Among his most important accomplishments was the reorganization of the sugar plantation at Laie, which instead of a liability, now became an asset. In the United States, because of the tariff, the price of sugar had been cut almost in half. Matthew was advised he might have to sell the plantation. Seeing that the mill was operating at a loss and that the plantation was profitable, he sold only the mill to a neighboring company.

This saved the natives, as many of them earned their livelihood in the cane fields. Matthew now indulged in a master stroke. There were two groups or gangs of employees, one of men (each man earning fifty cents a day), and one of women (each woman earning forty cents a day). He announced that thereafter efficiency and not sex would be the determining factor. This inspired the men to work because they could not let the women outdo them. It inspired the women because never before in the history of the islands had a woman's wage equaled a man's. During a time of great financial need for the Church at home, Matthew sent out checks amounting to nearly twenty thousand dollars. Also through the profits from the plantation, he wiped out the debts at the mission.

By means of a crude device of his own, Matthew surveyed the rental lands for the taro patches of

(*Concluded on following page*)

THERE'S NO HALFWAY QUALITY IN TUNA!



Lots of husbands can give their wives this valuable "tip"! Their mothers had the same experience, learned, the hard way, that tuna is either delicate, tender and delicious . . . or *it isn't!* Next time, she'll insist upon *"BITE SIZE" TUNA* and the dish that was such a dismal failure will be a *glorious success!*



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All-O-Wheat now available in Pacific Coast health stores Served by Hales Corp. of Los Angeles

A VISIT TO ROYALTY

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

the natives, thus settling many an ancient dispute as to how much land each controlled, and as to how much should be paid for it. The plan worked so well that the Chinese rice growers came to the missionaries to have their lands estimated.

At this time the Hawaiian legislature was considering making the "Louisiana lottery" legal in the Hawaiian kingdom. The owners of this gambling device, Matthew Noall wrote in a letter to the First Presidency of the Church, had offered the government $500,000 a year for the privilege of bringing it into the islands. The natives were largely in favor of it. Most of the white people were against it. The king and queen themselves were troubled.

The queen sent for Libbie, who happened to be in Honolulu, to come to the palace for a private consultation in regard to the affair.

Matthew wrote that her majesty seemed to favor the lottery. "My wife," he wrote, "explained to her our belief in regard to gambling, and told her we would not favor such a crime."

Thus Libbie again saw the palace, and her friendship with the queen increased.

In later years, a descendant of Queen Kapiolani, Queen Liliuokalani, became a member of the Church. When she paid a visit to the United States, she went directly to Utah to see the temple and the tabernacle. In the tabernacle, at her public appearance, Matthew Noall had the privilege of acting as personal escort to her majesty.

"BY THEIR FRUITS . . ."

(*Concluded from page* 639)

spoke in the simple tongue of the people. Ralph Woolley speaks in the ancient, allegorical Hawaiian, full of depth and subtle meanings. Not always fully understood by those less well versed in the "deep meaning" of their ancient language, the Hawaiians one and all can sense the depth of his sermons. "Sometimes it is so beautiful that it makes us cry."

As a monument to the devotion of his father and to his own skill as an engineer and builder, Ralph Woolley's first job in Hawaii stands today at Laie: the Hawaiian Temple, acknowledged by all beholders as "the most beautiful building in the islands."

When the work of the Church in the Hawaiian Islands is evaluated, it may well be assumed that the L.D.S. religion is sound at the core. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

A GLANCE AT HAWAIIAN MISSION HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 620)

year Elder Cannon was permitted to complete the setting of the type for it, and the Book of Mormon was published in the Hawaiian language in California and sent to the islands.

Those who came to labor among the Hawaiian people came to love them and respect them. Elder Benjamin F. Johnson wrote:

> We feel sanguine that this people are of the Covenant blood, and that a great work is to be done among them. Many of them are quick of apprehension, and are apt to believe the truth. They are naturally an honest, and kind-hearted people, and were it not for that unnatural fear of the missionaries, thousands would believe, and soon embrace the truth. But we look for this yoke soon to be broken off, . . .[9]

The prophetic words of Elder Johnson were soon to be fulfilled, for at a conference held at Polulu, Hawaii, June 5, 1854, there was representation of the sixteen branches on Hawaii. A month later it was reported that more than four thousand persons had joined the Church. It was in July also that four of the five faithful elders who had first come to the islands were honorably released to return home to see to the printing of the Book of Mormon. Henry W. Bigler, who with George Q. Cannon, James Hawkins, and William

[9]Jenson, *op. cit.*, March 29, 1853, as reported in *Millennial Star* 15:428

Farrer, returned to the mainland, wrote at the time of his release:

> I was on the islands three years and seven months, and was instrumental in the hands of God, in bringing many of the islanders to a knowledge of the truth. . . . The natives are a kind hearted people and will do all they can to make a missionary comfortable; they will give the last mouthful of food, and the best and only bed; and if one's legs are weary through walking they will *lomi* (rub) them and take the soreness out.[10]

It is of more than passing interest to know that Elder Joseph F. Smith, who later became a Counselor in the First Presidency with George Q. Cannon and who afterwards became President of the Church, was assigned in September 1854 with eight other missionaries to serve in Hawaii.

The work went forward, the elders appointing some native missionaries to preach to their relatives and friends. And the elders tried to devise means of establishing the natives and also of earning a living for themselves, since they were sent out without purse or scrip. Finally, by 1865, a plantation of six thousand acres was purchased, and the elders organized so that the land could become self-sustaining and help support them. Many of the early missionaries had difficulty in maintaining themselves. Touching reference is made to Sister Woodbury, who opened a school for Hawaiians to learn English and took in sewing in order that she could earn a living for herself and her husband, John Woodbury.

With the passing of the years new difficulties arose. The appearance of apostates served to hamper the work for a time. Another difficult situation presented itself in the person of Walter Murry Gibson, whose "conversion" in Salt Lake, proved later to have been planned with the express purpose of going to the islands where with the credentials afforded as a Latter-day Saint, he might line his pockets with easy money. Mr. Gibson obtained land ostensibly for the Church but had the deeds made in his name. His efforts brought about a schism among the native converts. Eventually Gibson fell into disrepute, and the disaffected either left the Church entirely or were shown the error of their ways.

(*Continued on following page*)

[10] *Ibid.*, *July 29, 1854*







(Continued from preceding page)

The missionaries learned to love the Hawaiian people, and they in turn learned to love these white people who came from the distant mainland. Real affection sprang up between whites and the Queen Liliuokalani, who eventually became a member of the Church. In the fall of 1891 the Saints made a present to the queen. It was a calabash. After they had given it to her, the Saints moved up one by one and dropped coins into it until they had given her forty dollars. The queen spoke to them saying that she wished to reign with justice so that peace might continue in the land. She asked the Saints that, in order for her to be enabled to do this, they pray to God to bless her with wisdom and understanding. About a year and a half later the queen invited the elders to hold weekly religious services in the palace.

In Hawaii, information concerning the temple being built in Salt Lake City moved the Saints. They wished to do something to prove their loyalty. At the time, Matthew Noall was mission president. The Saints built a table according to his design. It was three and one-half feet square and inlaid with native woods. Even in those days it was made at the cost of $185.00, so it was indeed a wonderful gift for the Hawaiians to make. But they gave other things as well: two ground *Kahilis* mounted on stands, and 160 fans made from bamboo by the Relief Society sisters of Laie. The gifts were shipped and "received by the First Presidency in Zion with thanks. . . ."[11]

In August 1895 Elder Samuel E. Woolley arrived in Honolulu to replace President Noall as mission president. At the time of his arrival, cholera had been raging for ten days. Elder Woolley and his family landed at Honolulu and immediately left for Laie. Scarcely ten minutes after their departure a strong guard was thrown around the city to restrain anyone who might try to enter or leave the city. The Saints felt that the Lord surely had directed the Woolleys in their hurried departure from the city.

To celebrate the fiftieth year of the Hawaiian Mission, President George Q. Cannon and some of his family returned to the islands. (See page 623.) President Cluff reported that many of the Hawaiians who heard him speak in their language remarked, "How wonderful that he should remember our language all these long years."[12]

The revolution had occurred in Hawaii in 1893, sponsored by some ambitious pineapple growers, and the islands had been forced to look to the United States for their supervision. The former queen Liliuokalani attended the afternoon meeting on December 13 and asked President Cannon to speak again. She also asked him to call at her home, which he did. He gave her another

[11] *Ibid.*, March 9, 1893

[12] *Ibid.*, December 12, 1900

Proximity to a PRECIPICE

BY RICHARD L. EVANS

MAY we quote a sensible sentence: "No one ever falls over a precipice who never goes near one." Crowding things to the outer edge is always an invitation to disaster. And it is frequently true that people partly invite their own difficulties and disasters. They often flit and flirt on the edge. They often start things without thinking through beforehand how or where they can stop them. This has happened to youngsters who have started rocks rolling, or who have released the brakes on idle automobiles and who haven't been able to stop what they started. In a sense they may have been innocent, but actually in most instances they knew they were doing something they shouldn't be doing, even if they weren't aware of the full consequences. If we start anything rolling, we may be powerless to stop it halfway down the hill. Starting a fire and then dashing down the street and putting it out may also be exciting, but preventing the fire in the first place is much safer. Fires are sometimes stubborn things to stop. We sometimes hear those who humorously say: "I don't know my own strength." But the person who doesn't know his own strength may also not know his own weakness, and where unknown factors are concerned, it is wise to play the safe side. For the protection of its personnel, the army has often declared undesirable places to be "off limits." And we should learn in our own lives what is "off limits" for our personal peace and protection, and keep a safe distance. There is danger in dealing with the devil in his own domain. Tightrope walking and balancing in precarious places may be all right in the circus, but in life it is a pretty poor policy to place ourselves in a precarious position where one misstep may mean much regret. There should be a margin of safety in everything we do, and if there is any question in our minds what the margin should be, we should make it much wider than we think it needs to be. It is a smart man who knows how to keep clear of any extreme edge from which he might suddenly slip. "No one ever falls over a precipice who never goes near one."

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, JUNE 18, 1950

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blessing at her request. Reference is made to a blessing that she had received from him in Salt Lake City and subsequent healing of a cancer under her chin, from which she had suffered.

It was during this visit that President Cannon prophesied that one day a temple would be built for the Saints in Hawaii. Then they who were faithful could be married for time and eternity and also do work for their kindred dead.

This prophecy was fulfilled in 1919.[18]

The work of the mission progressed under all the mission presidents. The faith of the earliest missionaries was more than justified, for the Hawaiians have been most receptive to the gospel message and have been diligent in their adherence to its principles. The islands have also served as headquarters for the Japanese missions during times when it was not practicable to establish missions in the Far East.

On June 30, 1935 President Heber J. Grant and J. Reuben Clark, Jr., of the First Presidency, established the Oahu Stake. During the time since its organization, Oahu has proved itself a great bulwark on the islands as well as a defense for the Church.

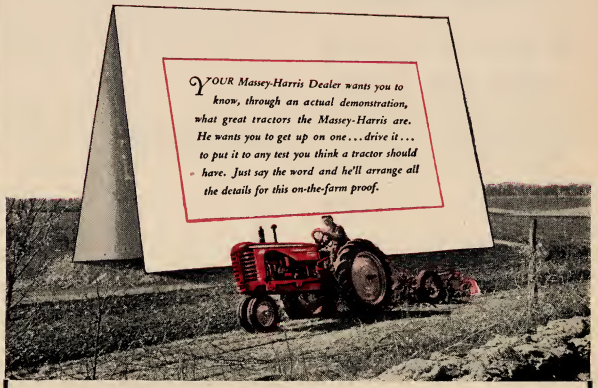
The Hawaiian Mission has made a unique contribution to the progress of the Church. Within its boundaries peoples of many nations have learned to live together with genuine friendship and peace. The gospel has touched the hearts of those who have the blood of many peoples in their veins, and it has changed the lives of these peoples so that they live more abundantly according to the message that they have received. Their childlike faith and devotion, their love of people regardless of nationality or race, can point a better way to us, their brothers and sisters of the west.

[18]Oahu Stake Quarterly Historical Records, September 30, 1938, unpublished, Church Historian's Office Salt Lake City, Utah



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Archives of Sweden

(*Concluded from page* 621)

brand, representing the Rekolid Company, which company holds the contract to do the microfilming work throughout Sweden and Finland, presented Mr. Boethius with a brand-new American latest model microfilm reading machine for which he also expressed his appreciation.

"This memorable occasion, the sixth of April, 1949, 119 years after the organization of the Church, will never be forgotten in the Swedish Mission, and it bears out the prophetic utterance—'A great and marvelous work is about to come forth among the children of men.' The whole world marvels at what is being accomplished in the short span since the restoration of the Church. These things are only accomplished through the proper and inspired leadership of the Church.

—Margit J. Blomquist"

These records from Sweden and Finland are arriving in regular shipments at the Genealogical Society and are being carefully inspected and catalogued for use by the general public.

Lehi In The Desert

(*Continued from page* 642)

preserved even in antiquity, and when the time came for the record to fulfil its great purpose of bearing witness to the world, it had to be translated by the gift and power of God. Of this purpose Nephi at the time knew nothing.

[203]*Taghribah Beni Hilal*, p. 14

[204]Meyer, *G.d.A.* II, 1, 137

[205]J. W. Jack, "The Lachish Letters." *PEFQ* 1938, p. 168

[206]We are following the Wenamon story as given in J. Breasted, *History of Egypt*, (1905) pp. 513-518. It is given at length in almost any history of Egypt or the Near East, e.g. James Baikie, *The History of the Pharaohs* (London, 1908) pp. 285-7; *Comb. Anc. Hist.* II, 193.

[207]Jack, *loc. cit.*

[208]The older brothers, though they wish to emphasize Laban's great power, mention only fifty. (3:31.) It is Nephi in answering them who says that the Lord is "mightier than Laban and his fifty, or even than his tens of thousands." (*Ibid.*, 4:1.) As a high military commander Laban would command tens of thousands in *battle;* but such an array is of no concern to Laman and Lemuel: it is the "fifty" they must look out for, i.e., the regular, permanent garrison at Jerusalem.

[209]Joshua Offord, "Archaeological Notes on Jewish Antiquities," *PEFQ* 1916, p. 148

[210]W. F. Albright, "The Seal of Eliakim, etc." *Jnl. Bibl. Lit.* 51 (1932- 79-83. shows that the title "servant" in Jersulem at this time meant something like "official representative," and was an honorable rather than a degrading title.

[211]Samaual ibn Adiyt, the most famous Jewish poet of Arabia in ancient times, gained undying praise and fame among all the Arabs when he allowed his own son to be cruelly put to death before his eyes rather than give up some costly armor with the keeping of which he had been entrusted by a friend. The story, true or not, illustrates the difference between eastern and western standards and should warn the reader against being shocked by some things he reads—the Arabs are just as shocked by the callousness of Americans in some things. Brockelmann. *Gesch.d.arab.Lit.* (1909), p. 34.

MUTUAL CONVENTION IN HAWAII

(*Continued from page* 643)

One of the reasons for the visit of Superintendent Curtis, who is one of the sectional vice chairmen of Region 12, Boy Scouts of America, was the sectional meeting of the Boy Scouts in Honolulu. Scout meetings were also held in Kona, Hilo, and Maui.

Several national and regional officers of the Boy Scouts of America were there, including William V. M. Fawcett, National Chairman Explorer Committee; E. Urnar Goodman, from the national office; Henry B. Grandin, Chairman of Region 12, Don Moyer, regional Scout executive; and Roland E. Dye, deputy regional executive.

Latter-day Saint boys are prominent in the Scout activities in the islands, as they are wherever the Church is organized. Scout work is being given an increased impetus on the island of Oahu by Elder Milt Allen, deputy under Scout executive, Hazen Shower. Elder Allen is giving special attention to the training of Scout leaders among the Latter-day Saints. Elder Harrald S. Alvord, recently appointed to the Y.M.M.I.A. general board and a Scout executive, attended to aid the Scout work.

The Mutuals are teaching the fundamentals of the Church through spiritualized recreation and inspirational lessons. The age groups are following the lesson plan. The leaders of the M.I.A. there, as elsewhere, are trying to build a testimony in the heart of every boy and every girl.

Attendance at Mutual is almost phenomenal; one Mutual we attended had present 240 people. While we were in Hawaii, the Junior Girls held their rose award night. At an M Men-Gleaner banquet nearly four hundred were in attendance. It was an inspiring sight to see the representation of nations: Hawaiian, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, Samoan, and American. The tables were covered with banana leaves; the decorations consisted of gorgeous flowers, including hibiscus, bird of paradise, and antherium—placed in the center of the table down its entire length. Place cards depicted this year's theme. The young people,

dressed in their evening clothes, made a beautiful picture, and they maintained our M.I.A. standards throughout the banquet and dance.

A drama and music festival preceded the convention. Since our Hawaiian brothers and sisters love to sing and dance, as well as act, this festival was a delightful experience. The convention was well attended, with every ward and branch represented. During the evening the need for better facilities was indicated so effectively that the surprise announcement of President Woolley pledging a stake gymnasium in the very near future thrilled and delighted the entire assemblage. This gymnasium will do much to enhance and increase our activities in the islands.

In addition to Oahu, we visited Kona, Hilo, and Maui. In each of these places we found the same spirit of love among our people.

The two stake boards entertained us at a *luau* in the garden of Bishop and Sister Pai Kekamha at Laie before our departure. It was a delightful experience.

Our party from the mainland included Bishop and Mrs. Ray Davis, the Ernest A. Strongs, the Frank Earls, the Merrill Christophersons, the Floyd Davises, Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Knight, Dr. and Mrs. John G. Jones, President and Mrs. Victor Bird, Mrs. Elizabeth Fagg, Judge Reeder's sister, and the Taylors.

We returned by plane, and as the plane was readying for departure a large group sang "Aloha," and native girls gave several beautiful dances. When the plane took off, we waved our last farewells with sadness, for we were sorry to leave our dear island friends. Although we had been with them only a short time, they had taken us to their hearts and made us feel a very intimate part of hopes and dreams for the future achievements of M.I.A. in the Hawaiian Islands.

His Second Bank Account

(*Continued from page 629*)

as she would, there was an anxiety that persisted. What had Herb meant about his second bank account? He had never kept any secrets from her. Then she'd say cheerfully, "Oh, of course, it was nothing." And the tight feeling left the pit of her stomach.

The curtains were beautiful at the windows again, all starched and clean and a pale golden hue. Why, tears almost came to her eyes, looking at

(*Concluded on following page*)

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READ
The Improvement Era

His Second Bank Account

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

them, for the sunshine coming through them made a wonder-glow all over the dining room. She'd have a good supper for Herb, too. So she dressed a fryer and made two egg custards. The custards were plump with a covering of frothy meringue—Herb's favorite. Then she saw with a start it was almost time for Herb. She put on a freshly laundered dress and tied a ribbon on the baby's hair. She took from the cupboard her best tablecloth, her saved-for-Sunday chinaware. Why, it was almost like a birthday or an anniversary!

Then Herb came, and Donnie soon after. Herb looked about the house for a long moment, and Faye held her breath. He didn't say much, but Donnie cried out, "O Mamma, whose birthday is it?"

At length they sat down to eat, and Faye saw that there was no look of worry on Herb's face now. He felt sure the kaffir could be used, and they could plant part of the oat land in fall turnips and black-eyes.

"Faye, this is a right good supper," he cried once, "and where did you get those pretty curtains? They sure make things look swell in here!"

Faye smiled, pleased, and told him. Yet still she was puzzled. Finally supper was over, and Herb and Donnie began helping her stack the dishes. Then Herb took the baby on his lap and leaned back in the rocking chair, and Faye watched him as he played with the baby's curls. She was glad, so glad he had taken heart again.

"I wrote a check today for the kaffir seed," he spoke up at last, "but I've been checking on my second bank account all day, and it didn't fail me. It never does."

"Your second bank account?" gasped out Faye, a little breathlessly.

Herb was tucking his chin in the baby's curls and not looking at her, "Yes, my second bank account. We couldn't get along without it, could we kids? It's—it's Mamma's courage!"

Journal of George Q. Cannon

(*Continued from page 624*)

secret prayer and where he condescended to commune with me, for I heard his voice more than once as one man speaks with another, encouraging me and showing me the work which should be done among this people if I would follow the dictates of his Spirit. Glory to God in the highest that he has permitted me to live to behold the fulfilment of his words.

I found the place that I thought had been the site, but great changes have been made. I made inquiries about Nalinanui and Kealakai Honua. Discovered that the house where we stopped was the house of her grandson. His father was Chilean and his mother a daughter of Nalinanui. We all felt that this was an extraordinary coincidence and the natives called it *Kupaianaha*. Before leaving, a number of folks assembled, and I addressed them. The Spirit of God was poured out upon us. . . .

Sunday, Dec. 30, 1900

I attended Sunday School and addressed the school and the Saints present. I spoke upon temple building, the work to be done in the temples and the necessity of their gathering all that they could about their ancestors. We took a lunch of poi at the Mission House. At two o'clock we met with the Saints in the meetinghouse. Brother Cluff spoke for a few minutes and I followed and spoke for one hour in Hawaiian. I enjoyed great liberty and felt to thank the Lord for giving me his Spirit to enable me to address the people in their native tongue. I spoke altogether during the afternoon in the Hawaiian language with the exception of less than half a dozen sentences. To me it is very wonderful that I should be able to speak at such length after so many years have passed since I used it.

(*Concluded on page 674*)

TIMING

BY RICHARD L. EVANS

TIMING in life is exceedingly important. What we do may be all right, but when we do it may be all wrong. A dress that was a dream a few years ago has by now likely lost much of its allure—not that the dress has changed, but that the styles have changed. Whether we like it or not, whether we agree with it or not, timing is the essence of fashion. Timing is the essence of many other things also. Things that are funny at one time may not be funny at another time. Often when we hear a comment that calls for a "comeback," we can't think of anything suitable to say at the moment; but after it's all over, we can think of the wittiest remarks we might have made. But there is nothing quite so late as a clever comment that is just a little too late. It isn't only a question of *what* we say but *when* we say it. "When" is important in everything, both on the light and serious sides of life, and it isn't enough merely to be able and willing to do something: It is essential to do it when it ought to be done. The farmer who forgets his sense of timing doesn't have a harvest. The debtor who forgets his sense of timing kills his credit. A debt that loses track of time may double itself in interest. The time to save money is when we are earning it. The time to seize an opportunity is when there is an opening. The time to repent is when there is yet time to repent—and the sooner the better. The time to prepare is when there is time to prepare. Next year may not be soon enough. Tomorrow may not be soon enough. Even "in a minute" may not be soon enough in some situations. And there is a great difference between the youngster who comes when he is called and the youngster who says he will come "in a minute"—and who lets the minutes multiply until it is too late. And there is also the same difference in adults. One of the great lessons of life is to learn not only *"what"* is important, but *"when!"*

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE

PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, JUNE 25, 1950

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(Concluded from page 614)

soul is stirred with gratitude that I have been permitted to live in this age of the world and have as my associates men and women such as you. I do hope and pray that each of us will renew our determination to live such lives as will entitle us to the constant companionship of the Spirit of the Lord.

I walked into an office the other day and saw one of the most popular magazines in the United States lying on the table. I looked at it and thought to myself, "What are we coming to?" The cover was a picture of a man and a woman, practically without any clothing on, lying down and apparently talking to one another. If that magazine had come into my mother's home when I was a child, she would have thrown it into the fire before we had a chance to see it. While the majority of the magazines of this nation contain much that is wholesome and desirable, side by side with that which is worth while are the temptation and publicity of tobacco and liquor and immorality. Brother Giles has just referred to the ERA. It has been my pleasure here and in the Old World to have people say to me, "That is the cleanest, finest magazine that we have ever seen." We desire it that way. We want it to be wholesome. If we continue to see that this magazine is what it should be, nobody can object to its being in the homes of the people. A large number of a recent issue was sent out to many prominent people, and while I've been away this time, I have had a number come and tell me they have seen the ERA, and they've read it through. They think it is a wonderful magazine. These are people not members of the Church.

I congratulate you, every one, that you are considered worthy to be identified with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I congratulate you that you belong to an organization, the purpose of which is the uplift and development of people here in mortality, to prepare us to go to the other side, and when that time comes, I hope that we shall be worthy of a place in the celestial kingdom and have the enjoyment and the companionship of those we love throughout the ages of eternity.

Brethren and sisters, I pray that the Lord will continue to bless you, that you will have joy in this work, that you will realize that it is an investment beyond all price. I hope and pray that every boy and every girl in the communities in which you live will be helped, will be trained and taught, so that truth and the things that are eternally beneficial will be a part of his or her character. That is our privilege, and if we will do that, when the time comes for us to go hence, those who stand by our casket will be able to say, "This world is better because this individual lived in it." That is our privilege.

God lives; Jesus is the Christ; Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, who was sent to restore the purity of the gospel of our Lord. The Church that was organized by him at the direction of our Heavenly Father is the only Church in all the world that has the right to claim divine authority. I do not say that in unkindness, for all these other churches have wonderful men and women in them. But it is just as it was in the days of the Savior, when he came among the people, many of his own race repudiated him and refused to have anything to do with him; in one place it is recorded in the scriptures they said, "Why, we have Abraham for our father." And his answer was, "If you are the children of Abraham, you do the works of Abraham." (See Matthew 3:9.) This is not our Church. It is not the Church of Joseph Smith or any man who has presided since that time. It is the Church of Jesus Christ, our Lord. With all my heart I thank him for my membership in it, and pray that we may all be worthy of that membership, and that day by day, the righteousness of our lives may make this world better for our living, and in the end, when he shall gather his jewels, that we may all find our names recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life, along with those that we love and associate with here, not one missing. And I pray that it may be so in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

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Registration of all others	Sept. 22-23
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Journal of George Q. Cannon

(*Concluded from page 672*)

Among other things which I mentioned, I dwelt upon it at some length, was the necessity of living lives of purity. I led them to believe that if they did so and exercise faith the Lord might move upon his servant, the prophet, Lorenzo Snow, to authorize one of his servants to seal wives to husbands for time and eternity. . . .

Saturday, Jan. 5, 1901

We left Brother Fernandez a little before three o'clock and called at the Mission House and bade it farewell. At the wharf the Saints had assembled there by hundreds. They loaded myself and wife and children with wreaths and garlands of flowers. My entire person was almost covered; I was loaded down so with flowers, and garlands of *maile*. The manner in which I was decorated made me very conspicuous and embarrassed me somewhat as I had to press my way through the dense throngs which covered the wharf and its approaches. The greatest interest and affection were shown by the people towards me. Many of them had left their employment to be present at the departure. It was a scene which I ought never to forget.

The Man and The Eternal Empire

(*Continued from page 623*)

Then the Spirit of the Lord told me to choose Brother James Keeler. I did so.

Brother Keeler afterwards told Elder Cannon he had prayed they might be able to work together.

Elder Cannon very rarely alluded to his spiritual manifestations. When he did so, it was to promote faith and understanding. Samuel A. Woolley and W. W. Cluff have each publicly referred to separate visions experienced by George Q. Cannon.

Of his early struggle with the language, George Q. Cannon wrote:

> My desire to learn to speak was very strong; it was present with me night and day. . . . I also tried to exercise faith before the Lord to obtain the gift of talking and understanding the language.

In less than a month after his arrival, he was listening to some natives, and he became very desirous of understanding them.

I jumped to my feet. . . . I believed that I had received the gift of interpretation! And it was so.

His linguistic ability and determination enabled him to commence translating the Book of Mormon after being in Hawaii only one month. In the course of his mission he translated the book.

An example of physical courage took place a few days later. He decided to leave the elders and go among the people on the other side of the island. To go around the island by boat required money. He had none, so he attempted to scale the volcanic mountain. This was considered impossible, even by the hardy natives. The rank vegetation grew as high as eight feet. The mountain rose almost four thousand feet from sea level in three miles, and to get down the other side meant negotiating almost sheer cliffs.

The men who planted the gospel in the fertile islands had no trace of wealth, political, or military power. Yet it is an acknowledged fact that in acquiring the language, translating scriptures, curing and converting the people, the elders of the new dispensation proved successful. Truly these men were valiant servants of a great cause. Americans of today who want spiritual, lasting wealth should consider this testimony of the young missionary to Hawaii, for the kingdom of which he speaks still flourishes and will do so when other governments cease to exist:

I know that Jesus lives; for I have seen him. I know that this is the Church of God, and that it is founded on Jesus Christ, our Redeemer.

I testify to you of these things as one who knows—as one of the Apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ that can bear witness to you today in the presence of the Lord that he lives and that he will live, and come to reign on the earth, to sway an undisputed sceptre.*

———

*From *Testimonies of the Divinity of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, J. E. Cardon and S. O. Bennion

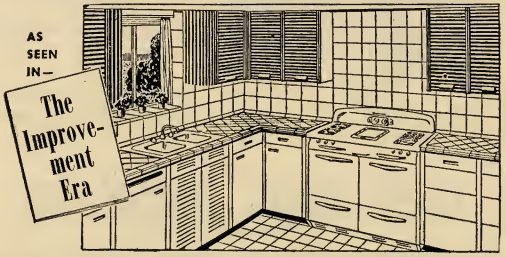
These Times

(*Continued from page* 602)

Henry Ford II, and their counterparts—as has been seen in Great Britain. But why simply change masters and kill the geese that lay America's golden eggs? Do we really have enough knowledge and confidence in a dynamic capitalism? Private enterprise has *not* failed, as some

(*Concluded on following page*)





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These Times

(*Concluded from preceding page*)

would have us believe. It has worked better than any other system on earth. But it does have problems.

The Problems of Private Enterprise

Viewed as the immense, productive, corporate structure that it is, the American enterprise system faces these problems:

1. To maintain itself as a voluntary, free system as against government and itself. This is as true of the big labor unions as of the big businesses; or, of the farmer within the economy planned for him by the crop quotas and subsidies of the Department of Agriculture.
2. To provide for economic growth through steady expansion of plants and facilities, to meet the growth of population, the demands for employment, goods, and services.

To maintain private ownership without also providing for economic growth— for an expanding economy— would not save us from socialism. The corporate structure (1) must itself expand, dare, risk, create! (2) It must not restrict other "private" developments by artificially closing trade channels to youngsters trying to start new enterprises. (3) It must outdistance government enterprise. Government enterprise is with us. If there is an electric power shortage or water shortage, or any other need in the American economy, that need, realistically understood and defined, becomes an immediate challenge to private enterprise. If needs are not met (even assumed needs) by private enterprise, the political leader will appeal to the voter to give him "the contract," —and political power will undertake the job with tax money provided by private enterprise.

The private enterprise system did not have this challenge, this rough, tough competition from government in the nineteenth century. But since all men have gained the vote, every man's needs or assumed needs have a way of demanding satisfaction. If private initiative, group enterprise, private vision, private creative insight is insufficient, then we have seen that voters will be marshalled and consent gained from them to "do it" with taxes.

Are there new Grand Coulees, TVAs, Hoover Dams, to be built to provide the basic electric energy for our burgeoning population? New enterprises based on atomic energy? Symphony orchestras? Housing? Medical services? Better mousetraps? Are our capacities and energies as private citizens, in private groups, as creative

and effective as our political capacities and energies? This is the ever-new frontier for private enterprise in America to compete successfully with and outdo the state in providing adequate means for economic growth; to provide leadership in fundamental economic, capital expansion. The state should recognize and welcome the growth of private enterprise. Where private initiative does not take the lead, we can faithfully expect in these times, as in the past, political enterprise. Such is a Newton-like law in a free democratic system. We, the people, have to bear responsibility and decide how much of each we are to have, for we have to pay the bill, long run or short run. This is the genius and the problem of constitutional government.

Forebears and Posterity in the Pacific Isles

(*Continued from page 618*)

experiences of matured age actively guide the family, for the wisdom and knowledge of the old is respected. And also, the care and rearing of young children is the responsibility and privilege of elders. Those of the age of parenthood (*matua*) are thereby left free, the mothers to bear and nurse their babies, the fathers to fish, plant, build boats, houses, or earn a living, until they in turn gradually assume the role of *tupuna* as they acquire grandchildren.

The *tupuna* who had gone "down the Great Road to *Tane*" (the path of light cast by the setting sun on the ocean) into the Unseen Land (*Po*) beyond the horizon and beneath the earth and sea are still concerned with the well-being and affairs of their relatives remaining in "The Day World" (*Ao Marama*). Their continued existence and love for their relatives is, for Polynesians in every Pacific community today, vividly and definitely evidenced through dreams and certain other forms of psychic experience which missionary and modern teachings have affected very little. These facts in their lives are matters of experience to them, not belief. In dreams, remedies and other requirements are prescribed in connection with sickness; a name may be dictated for an expected child; a song or dance will be learned; coming events revealed. Here, as everywhere, there are not only

(*Continued on following page*)

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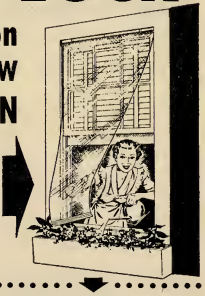
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AT YOUR GROCERS

Forebears and Posterity in the Pacific Isles

(*Continued from preceding page*)

beneficent aspects of this spiritualistic phase of native life, but also serious and dangerous pathological and malevolent phenomena. No one can have any true knowledge of Polynesians without understanding that individuals, families, and communities everywhere sense the presence and intimacy of the unseen with the seen.

A very simple and true definition of the old Polynesian concept of sin (*hara*, error) would be: injuring, being disloyal or unfaithful, by word or act, to one's relatives, seen or unseen.

In the parents' generation, the term parent (*matua tane*, male parent; *matua vahine*, female parent) is applied also to uncles and aunts, and in general to all individuals of one's parents' generation. Within a single generation, three principles prevail: seniority irrespective of sex (already described in the section on genealogy); 2, sharp line drawn between the sexes: a boy's sisters and female cousins are all "sisters" (*tuahine*) to him; a girl's brothers and male cousins are her "brothers" (*tunane*). Strict rules govern social intercourse between *tuahine* and *tunane* after childhood; 3, between persons of the same sex in the same generation, terms indicating seniority are applied: privileges, respect, and also obligations, which go right up the line, as between generations. Seniors are called *tuakana* (*tau'ana, kua'ana*) and are respected by juniors, and they are also responsible for juniors. An older brother or sister or cousin is *tuakana* to all juniors of the same sex. All juniors of the same sex are to him or her *teina*. In any Polynesian community you will see older children personally tending their little brothers and sisters, as you see old folk keeping an eye on all of them and doing their share of the tending. Dr. Margaret Mead, in her latest book *Male and Female*[1] has written: "The Samoans have made one of the most effective adjustments to the impact of Western civilization of any known people." It is also interesting to read that today in Samoa "the rate of population in-

[1] William Morrow and Co., New York, 1949, p. 119.

crease is the highest in the world."[2] These facts are to a considerable extent due to their loyalty to their own family and social system.[3] In the light of the above quotations, it will be plain to our readers why, in seeking to revive by research and writing what we term the "survival techniques and values" in old Hawaiian civilization, we have taken family organization as a stone rejected (or at least neglected) by early white educators in Hawaii (and still overlooked) which may become a cornerstone in the building of better Hawaiian individuals, families, and communities.[4]

Community

It is not only in families that the orderly system of relationships, status, duties, and responsibilities prevailed. It is the basis of the community set-up: a village or district functions through the heads of households and/or of lineages. The said heads are, so to speak, a biologically self-perpetuating "Board of Trustees" for the welfare of the families in the community, whose patriarchs they are. Ideally, the head of each family should be the first-born male of the senior branch in the elder generation. (*Matai* in Samoa, *matahiapo* in Tahiti, Cook Islands, New Zealand, *makahiapo* in Hawaii.) But actually, there is sufficient flexibility in the social system to permit the most competent member of the older generation to serve in council as patriarch or trustee.

And it is not only politics and civics which the family system subserves so efficiently: in subsistence (fishing and planting, the division and preparation of food), in craftsmanship such as house and boat building, bark cloth, net, and mat making, in the inheritance and transmission of skills and knowledge, for instance in medicine, or in the art of *hula* dancing, as well as in inheritance of material wealth, the extended family system prevails and functions. It is incorrect to say that the life of Polynesian peoples was or is "communal": it was *proprietary-familial-and-interfamilial*. The system is not merely regulatory: it is mobile and dynamic. Through the heads of trustees of any individual household, part of or all of the entire community can be drawn upon, can be mobilized rapidly and completely when necessary, for co-operative enterprise, or in emergency. Every individual of every age comes forward in voluntary, planned co-operation. The system entails authority and obedience: but it is essentially democratic.

This system not only should be understood completely by every missionary as he learns the native language, but also, by our civilization as a whole.

[2]*Ibid.*, p. 409.

[3]See Margaret Mead, *Coming of Age in Samoa*, William Morrow and Company, New York, 1928; and *Social Organizations of Manua*, Bishop Museum, Honolulu, 1930.

[4]See "The Ohana or Extended Family System of Ka'u, Hawaii," by E. S. Craighill Handy and Mary Kawena Pukui, *Journal of the Polynesian Society*, Auckland, N. Z., June 1950.

May Missionaries

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSION HOME MAY 8, AND DEPARTING MAY 17, 1950

Reading from left to right, first row: Loran Bingham, T. Edmund Kruger, Bertha B. Woodbury, Jonet Marilyn Pew, Don B. Colton, Director; Shirley Whitaker, Emily T. Hill, Robert Fails, Carol Whittier.

Second row: Viola Lehman, Helen Lehman, Sibyl Brown, Marva Johnson, Wilma Brown, LuGene Hobbs, Gertrude Hoffman, Gladys Tippetts, Pat Flake, Jane Walker.

Third row: Franklin H. Butterfield, Robert A. Reese, Merl Jensen, Newell K. Hill, Don C. Elison, Sarah June Day, Thelma Zweifel, Delbert F. Selin, Arnold D. Ozment, LaWana Stokes.

Fourth row: Leland F. Jackson, Gordon F. Rodgers, Clair E. Brown, William J. England, Kent M. Christiansen, Bonnie Jean Eyre, Mrs. J. Marlow Taylor, J. Marlow Taylor, Byron D. Stout, Donald A. Larson, Darlene Norton, Darlene Romrell.

Fifth row: Odell Pancheri, Harold Horne, Bruce R. Nilsson, Parker V. Redding, Donold C. Rogers. Monroe Gunn McKay, Elizabeth Stevens, Luelma Broderick, Virgil K. Mittelsteadt. Dallos Peterson, Oscar Kent Hulet, Gene C. Millward.

Sixth row: Keith M. Munk, Garald Beozer, Quincy Byrd Schuenman, Jack F. Trump, Joseph K. Lawson, James O. Mason, LaVoy T. Jones, Arthur Fenton Gardner, Gay Errol Boman, Dewaine M. Brown, Donald V. Silotti, Ross E. Sharp, Sterling M. Bylund, Floyd A. Johnson

Seventh row: Dwayne Stailey Rogers, Versal A. Shields, Russell Clinton Mickelson, Donn V. Welch, Paul H. Lefevor, Milton ElDean Jensen, Richard S. Kirk, Dean C. Zollinger, Eli Fenn, Meloy R. Johnson, Frank G. Sanders, William E. Cox.

Eighth row: Kenneth D. Zenger, Donald P. Hinckley, Thomas X. Smith, III, Arvel Braegger, LaMar Holmes, Glyn R Williams, Chester G. Lykins, Glenn G. Larkin.

Ninth row: Roy Russell Valantine, Jacob Dale Bigler, Lloyd Kay Davis, Heber Cleon Miller, Demar Glen Hogan, Marlin W. Andrus, C LaRay Neilson, Noel J. Williams, Keith S. Humpherys, Carlos C. Schramm, Quintin R. Graves, Duane Lott, Kent Remington.

Tenth row: E. Crawford Jones, J. Sherwood Young, Owen A. Romrell, Clair L. Wyatt, Glen S. Cahoon, Lawrence E. Evans, LeRoy C. Taylor, William E. Lund, Keith S. Hone, Richard G. Miller, J. Lynn McBride, Conrad R. Nelson, Howard S. Johnson, Oral R. Covington.

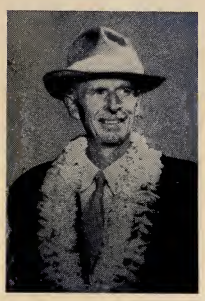
Eleventh row: Rex Bennion, Leonard Hogon, Clifton M. Parker, Hermon J. Bender, Bryan K. Wahlquist, Oren H. Randall. Edward Scott, Russell L. Noack, George Dene Carson, Clifford Don Bush, Glenn Taylor Burgess, Dale Clayton Bullock, Fred Arthur Huxhold, Keith Alvin Pedersen

Twelfth row: Myrl E. Perry, Clifford Reid Gibby, Robert B. Meibos, Donald A. Beck, Howard J. Christensen, Robert L. Ellsworth, Harry C. Smith, Carl Arland Burrell, James Albert Stacey, Sheldon C. Butterfield, J. Rulon Nelson, Elwood Dennett, H. K. Wood.



Your Page AND OURS

DR. E. S. C. Handy, who with Mary Kawena Pukui, contributed "Forebears and Posterity in the Pacific Isles," beginning on page 616, is truly a world student. After receiving his three university degrees from Harvard (and incidentally, his college career was interrupted by a term of service in World War I) he spent four years in ethnological exploration in Tahiti and adjacent islands, and in the Marquesas Islands as leader of parties of the Yale-Bayard Dominick Expedition to the South Seas, organized by Dr. Herbert E. Gregory, then director of the Polynesian Bishop Museum. Incidental studies were made, in transit, in the Paumotus, Cook Islands, New Zealand, Tonga, and Samoa. Following this he traveled for several years in India, Indo-China, and Japan. The following years, 1928 and 1929, he studied oriental history, civilizations, and religions at the University of Paris. From 1931 to 1935, he was an ethnologist for the Bishop Museum, Hawaii, where he was engaged in field work in Hawaiian agricultural and subsistence techniques and in the study of family life. From there he went to Yale Graduate School, where he served as a visiting professor in ethnology. During World War II the government found his knowledge of the peoples of the world valuable. In 1949, after ten years of research and experimentation in Virginia, Dr. and Mrs. Handy established the research organization known as Genethnics, Incorporated. Returning to Hawaii, they applied their technique to the study of native Hawaiian biography, family life, and certain ethnological problems.



"Our co-worker and Hawaiian sister," as Dr. Handy calls Mary Kawena Pukui, was reared as a *Punahele* or sacred child by her maternal grandmother. From her mother and grandmother she first learned the lore of her Hawaiian forebears. At the present time she has withdrawn from the Bishop Museum where she has been engaged as translator and hostess since 1931 and is compiling a new edition of the *Hawaiian Dictionary*. Her husband, Napoleon Kalolii Pukui, was one of the Hawaiians who came to Utah with a Hawaiian colony in 1889. The hospitality of her mother, Mrs. Wiggin, will long be remembered by the L.D.S. missionaries who have labored in Hawaii. Her grandmother was one of the early Hawaiian converts to the Church.

Dear Sir:

I saw the advertisement of the L.D.S. Business College in THE IMPROVEMENT ERA and I do hope I can enter the Church college and study with wonderful brothers and sisters. I am a Japanese boy and my name is Yootaro Yoshino and now attending the Japanese high school and I shall graduate from it next March. Finishing the high school, I would like to enter the L.D.S. Business College, but before that I want to know how the school is more clearly and in detail, so I do hope I can get the catalogue of the college.

My name: Bro. Yootaro Yoshino. Address: 1121 Kamimachi, Tomioka Gumma-Ken, Japan.

Sincerely yours,
Yootaro Yoshino

Harker's Island, N. C.

Dear Editors:

WE certainly liked the April issue, but we like all the issues of the ERA. I'm afraid we are selfish in wanting more than twelve issues per year.

Earl C. Davis

THE LIGHT TOUCH

Reciprocal

He was about nine and extremely fond of the neighbor's dog, who returned the esteem. One evening the two were romping on the floor when the dog stood up, put its paws on the boy's shoulders, and plastered him with wet affection. To the mother's horror, the boy planted a kiss of his own right on the dog's nose.

"Aw, what you worryin' about?" he said when she remonstrated. "It won't hurt him. I got over my cold a week ago."

Point of View

An Easterner was being driven by a rancher over a blistering and almost barren stretch of western Texas when a gaudy bird, new to him, scurried in front of them. The Easterner asked what it was.

"That is a bird of paradise," said the rancher.

The stranger rode on in silence for a time, and then said: "Pretty long way from home, isn't he?"

Agreeable

Employee: "But, I don't need any help. I couldn't find enough work to keep you busy."

Young Applicant: "You'd be surprised how little it takes to keep me busy."

"The Lord Has Spoken Again"

"THE LORD HAS SPOKEN AGAIN" is the key word of the missionary campaign of the missionaries laboring in the Scandinavian countries in this their centennial year of preaching the gospel in the lands of the far north.

A week-long program of activities was completed in June, which depicted the progress of missionary work in the various Scandinavian countries since Erastus Snow and his companions came to Copenhagen June 14, 1850 with the gospel message.

A two-day conference was held on January 24 and 25 in Gothenborg, Sweden, which was attended by (left to right) President and Sister Edward H. Sorensen of the Danish Mission, President and Sister Clarence F. Johnson of the Swedish Mission, and President and Sister A. Sherman Gowans of the Norwegian Mission. The photo below was taken here.





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